

Notice to Reader.
When you finish reading this magazine place
a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to
any postal employee and it will be placed in
the hands of our soldiers at the front.
No Wrapping—No Address.

A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of
CRITICISM AND DISCUSSION OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Volume LXIV.
No. 759.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 31, 1918

15 cts. a copy.
\$2. a year.

IN THIS ISSUE

And What of Art?

By LAURENCE BINYON

A Pilgrim Interprets the Promised Land

By ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

A Complete, Clear, Concise History of the War for
American Readers

UNDER FOUR FLAGS for FRANCE

By CAPTAIN GEORGE CLARKE MUSGRAVE

Author of "In South Africa With Buller," etc.

The author is a military expert who has gained his enviable position as an authority because of his practical experience attained through actual participation in some of the biggest battles of this generation. Combined with his knowledge of military matters is the rare gift of the born story-teller and in this book will be found an authoritative account of the present war from its beginning, fascinatingly told, brief, complete, and absolutely dependable.

Ready in February

Many Illustrations and Maps. \$2.00 net

THIS IS AN APPLETON BOOK

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers, 35 West 32nd St., New York

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

for Men of the Army

If you are going, get some books from Everyman's Library; if your pal is going, if your son, your brother or anyone near and dear to you is off for *France* or a *Cantonment*—give him some volumes from Everyman's.

He Will Need Them for the Hours Spent Off Duty

They are small in price, just the right size for a soldier's pack, and there are 741 of the world's greatest books to choose from. In a letter from one of the boys to his mother, given in full in the New York "Tribune" of July 14, 1917, he ends with these words, "But please put an Everyman's Book Catalogue in your next letter." And this is only one of the many instances showing how the boys want and need the books from this wonderful library—because of the *small cost*, the *convenient size*, and the *clear type*.

Seven New Volumes Now Ready

No. 734. ANCIENT LAW by Sir Henry Maine

With a Lengthy Introduction by Professor J. H. Morgan, of London University

The World Famous history of the great English jurist and historian, who was successively Professor at Cambridge and Oxford, and for several years Legal Member of the Indian Council. The introduction is of special value as coming from an authority so distinguished. It is not only appreciative but critical, and forms the best possible guide to the reading of the book itself.

No. 735-736. MEMOIRS OF CARDINAL de RETZ by Himself

A revised-reissue of the Translation of 1723 by P. Davall.

With an Introduction by David Ogg. (In 2 volumes.)

The revealing and intimate confessions of the rival of Cardinal Mazarin who was in early life a refugee in England after the Fronde War and ultimately became Abbot of St. Denis. His varied and interesting experiences are described in the most lively fashion.

No. 737-738. A HISTORY OF FRANCE by Jean Victor Duruy

Newly translated by Cecil Jane and Lucy Menzies.

With an Introduction by Richard Wilson, D.Litt. (2 volumes.)

The well known work which is to France what J. R. Green's "History" is to England; with an Appendix bringing the facts down to the opening of the Great War; an indispensable work for all who are interested in our glorious ally and friend. Duruy writes with an ardent patriotism, verve and distinction but he is also an historian of the critical school, as might be expected from a pupil and successor of Michelet. His account of events leading up to the Franco-Prussian War is especially valuable as he is writing of movements in which he took a prominent part as one of the members of the French Government.

No. 739. SELECTED PAPERS OF PHILOSOPHY by William James

A collection of papers of absorbing interest from the works of the great American philosopher, including "Talks to Teachers," "Memories and Studies," "Psychology," "Problems of Philosophy," "The Will to Believe," "Pragmatism," "The Meaning of Truth," and "Varieties of Religious Experience." A unique addition of copyright material to Everyman's Library published by the gracious permission of Mr. Henry James, the son of the great Harvard Philosopher, with the sole object of helping those who are at present striving to solve the question of personality and survival which has been forced upon the attention of all thinking people at the present time.

No. 740. TARAS BULBA with "ST. JOHN'S EVE" and OTHER TALES by Nicolai V. Gogol

Some of the most powerful and dramatic writing of one of the men who opened the minds of the Russian people by showing them as others saw them. Gogol's tremendous power is one of the marvels of modern world literature and it is shown at its best in this remarkable book.

**Send for a Complete Catalogue of 741 of the World's Greatest Books at the
Lowest Prices. Cloth 60c Net. Leather \$1.25 Net.**

Postage Extra.

At All Bookstores.

E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Avenue New York City

When writing to advertisers please mention THE DIAL.

THE DIAL



VOLUME LXIV

No. 759

JANUARY 31, 1918

CONTENTS

AND WHAT OF ART?	<i>Laurence Binyon</i>	93
THE FOLK CULTURE OF THE KENTUCKY CUMBERLANDS	<i>William Aspenwall Bradley</i>	95
THE TWO RAINS . . . <i>Verse</i>	<i>Amy Lowell</i>	98
THE STRUCTURE OF LASTING PEACE	<i>H. M. Kallen</i>	99
REPROOF <i>Verse</i>	<i>Edward Sapir</i>	102
OUR LONDON LETTER	<i>Edward Shanks</i>	103
THISTLES AND GRAPES IN PROFESSOR SHERMAN'S GARDEN	<i>Henry B. Fuller</i>	105
A PILGRIM INTERPRETS THE PROMISED LAND	<i>Elsie Clews Parsons</i>	107
THE PAINTED DEVIL OF POLITICS	<i>Harold Stearns</i>	109
NEW CURIOSITY SHOP—AND A POET	<i>Conrad Aiken</i>	111
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS		114
The Romance of the Romanoffs.—Asgard and the Gods.—Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages.—Rinconete and Cortadillo.—A Priest of the Ideal.—Militarism.—Pain and Pleasure.—The Sense of Sight.		
NOTES ON NEW FICTION		117
The Sturdy Oak.—A Woman of Genius.—Missing.—The Four Corners of the World.		
CASUAL COMMENT		118
BRIEFER MENTION		120
COMMUNICATIONS		121
La Malquerida.—An Unpublished Poem by Poe.		
NOTES AND NEWS		122
LIST OF NEW BOOKS		123

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN, *Editor*

Contributing Editors

HAROLD E. STEARNS, *Associate*

CONRAD AIKEN

VAN WYCK BROOKS

H. M. KALLEN

RANDOLPH BOURNE

PADRAIC COLUM

KENNETH MACGOWAN

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

HENRY B. FULLER

JOHN E. ROBINSON

THE DIAL (founded in 1880 by Francis F. Browne) is published fortnightly, twenty-four times a year. Yearly subscription \$3.00 in advance, in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Foreign subscriptions \$3.50 per year.

Entered as Second-class matter Oct. 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1918, by THE DIAL Publishing Company, Inc.

Published by THE DIAL Publishing Company, Martyn Johnson, President; Willard C. Kitchel, Secretary-Treasurer, at 608 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

A New Novel by May Sinclair

"The Tree of Heaven is a perfect performance."—*London Illustrated News*

THE TREE OF HEAVEN

By MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," "The Three Sisters," "The Belfry"

A masterly analysis of the younger generation in England—the generation which only a few years ago was condemned as neurotic and decadent and which has vindicated itself by such devotion and simpleness of heart in the ordeal of the war.

One appreciative reader writes:

"What delicate keen little razor-blades of humor; what clear lucid depths of pathos and understanding—what cleaving dissective strokes cutting into the ludicrous hodge-podge of human psychology and laying bare the strata veined with blood and stupidity! It is immortally done."

\$1.60

THE WORKS OF JOHN MASEFIELD

Mr. Masefield's presence in this country on an extended lecture tour gives a new touch of vivid reality to all his writings. Shortly after his return to England from his former visit, Mr. Masefield went direct to the scenes pictured in his latest book:

THE OLD FRONT LINE

A description of the Battle of the Somme in its opening phases, based on the author's personal observations carried out over the entire front. With illustrations from photographs by the author.

\$1.00

"Full of poignant suggestions of the most valorous men that ever lived . . . unrolls the scene of an epic before the reader."—*Springfield Union*.

A COMPLETE LIST OF JOHN MASEFIELD'S BOOKS

GALLIPOLI

A personal record of the Gallipoli campaign, vivid and real, yet intensely poetic. Illustrated. \$1.35

POETRY

SALT WATER POEMS AND BALLADS 24 full-page illustrations by Charles Pears. \$2.00
GOOD FRIDAY AND OTHER POEMS \$1.25
PHILLIP THE KING, AND OTHER POEMS Cloth, \$1.25. Leather, \$1.75

THE DAFFODIL FIELDS \$1.25
THE STORY OF A ROUND-HOUSE AND OTHER POEMS \$1.30
THE EVERLASTING MERCY AND THE WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET \$1.25

DRAMA

THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT Cloth, \$1.25. Leather, \$1.50
THE TRAGEDY OF NAN New Edition. Cloth, \$1.25. Leather, \$1.75
THE FAITHFUL Cloth, \$1.25. Leather, \$1.50

PROSE

LOST ENDEAVOR \$1.50
CAPTAIN MARGARET \$1.50
MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE \$1.35
A MAINSAIL HAUL \$1.25

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York

When writing to advertisers please mention THE DIAL.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

And What of Art?

When I was in the United States in the early winter of 1914 I was continually being asked how the war was going to affect art. As if I knew! As if anyone knew! I soon became weary of this question. But as the war bites deeper into our lives, those who are interested in art as a living thing cannot help asking it of themselves, even if they forbear from worrying others with it; and it is worth while to face the question and see whether there is anything that can profitably be suggested in answer.

The first thing to note is the fact that no analogies from the past are likely to help us. So far as we can see, the Franco-Prussian war made no difference to French art, which just went on as before. And one may doubt whether the far more prolonged, world-engulfing wars of Napoleon made much greater difference to the art of the countries involved, except by reaction. The Romantic movement of 1830 in France may well have been the reaction of youth from a period of drab, following on a time crowded with glorious life and itself full of the romance of action and of marvelous events. In England the long peace after Waterloo meant increased manufactures and a new wealth which got the kind of art it wanted, an art reflecting comfort and complacency rather than anything heroic or inspired. But this war is not like any other war, and we cannot expect that the years which have irrevocably altered the world for so vast a number of its inhabitants will not affect in some way all the activities of life. In this war the whole of a country's population, if not actually engaged, is tried and challenged; there is no sitting at ease, a remote and indifferent spectator, as in older days. And the artists of the young generation—in England and France at least; I cannot speak with knowledge of the other coun-

tries—are most of them in the war themselves, those that have not already given their lives.

On the day I write this I have seen Wyndham Lewis, the leader of the English Vorticists—one of the groups inspired by the new reaction from "representative" art—on his way back to the front. He is now a gunner in Flanders. He told me he wanted to paint a picture of a gun-pit, and he was sure that with his intimate knowledge of the guns he would produce something of far more character than the pictures by those artists who draw such subjects from outside after a casual visit. Since he has the real artist's gift, as well as the gunner's knowledge, he is probably correct, and I hope he may get the chance. Already in England we have had many pictures of the war from Nevinson, a young artist who was something of a Cubist but who, from contact with the moving and terrible reality of war, has struck out a new style, in which his preoccupation with geometrical forms finds a natural outlet. Modern war-machinery, the march of drilled men, the searchlights and aeroplanes, give him the straight lines and angles formerly wooed rather forcibly and capriciously from peaceful and reluctant landscapes. But it is not only the young men, those who have been in the actual fighting, men like Nevinson and like Eric Kennington (a painter who promises great things), who have painted at the front. Muirhead Bone, William Orpen, and now Augustus John are among the brilliant painters who have been sent on official missions to portray the war for Britain or Canada. It is somewhat surprising, indeed, to find how well the authorities have chosen, how awake their advisers have shown themselves to the living forces in English art.

But, after all, pictures of the war won't

in themselves make a new art. The war may beget images as terribly memorable as Goya's "Desastros de la Guerra," and the deeply flowing currents of art remain in their old channel. Artists as a race have a faculty for remaining wonderfully impervious to external circumstances. Yet can we relegate this planet-convulsing war to external circumstances? Does it not go too deeply into mankind's experience? It comes to us all—man, woman, and child, noncombatants no less than soldiers—as discipline, suffering, sacrifice. We endure and hope through it all, but not perhaps till it is over shall we realize either the extremity of the stress we have borne or the tremendous changes it has wrought. It is then that we may expect a difference in mood among those who express, in whatever form, the desires and emotions of men.

Was there not in the years just preceding the war's outbreak a wave of restlessness and violence visible in the arts, among the young men? It seemed an energy that craved to break itself upon something, it did not quite know what. I think it may have been partly the result of the tendencies which had imposed themselves on modern painting. Pictorial art has been trying to empty itself of content. The dogma that one should paint only what one sees with one's eyes had been widely accepted. The fear of being "literary" had become a perfect terror. Hence a narrowing-down of theme and motive, and an enforced passivity in the artist. Then came a younger generation which wanted to conquer a new kingdom, but was still afraid of imagination and romance, and, using the same meagre stock of subjects, tried to force into them a significance they did not possess. Primitive and savage art have come into fashion; the advanced youth are all for the fierce emphasis of the roughhewn. Ludicrous things sometimes result, as when one sees a picture of what, twenty years ago, would have been a cozy group in a parlor, ambitiously transformed into savagely angular figures, with a false air of being tremendously significant of something for which there is no motive in the picture. It seems to be a hunger to be heroic in style, combined with

a determination to have nothing heroic in subject—an outbreak and a suppression at the same time.

Curiously, art seems to have anticipated the atmosphere of war before the war itself exploded. I will not prophesy about the effect of the altered world on the arts; I will only say what I hope. That is that art may recover its full freedom. The latest movement in art is of real value, in spite of numberless eccentricities, affectations, and incongruous applications of a new formula, because it tends to get away from surface-imitation, to liberate energy, to bring into use a more direct and vibrant means of expression. What it lacks is adequate content; it tortures itself with self-consciousness, obsessed by theories of revolt. It is not human enough. Well, I hope that in the world of new experience after the war, art will no longer be afraid to take all that is human for its province, will picture for us things imagined as well as things observed. To confine painting to what is presented to our eyes is to rob it of a whole world of riches, the world of dynamic movement, of forms in complex rhythm, which imagination alone can master and express. Why turn away from that mine of creative symbol, for fear of being called "literary"? Poets are not reproached for being pictorial in their poetic way. Painters need not become "literary," in the only sense in which that term is a condemnation—I mean by trying to express in paint what words could better express—because they take into their range of subject matter not only sense-impressions but the memories, the dreams, the central emotions and spiritual desires of our race. Triviality of approach is a worse sin even than encroaching on another art. And if once painters can rid themselves of the bad old habits of the studios, the dressing-up of posed models and the copying of them so posed in a static arrangement against a pseudo-naturalistic background, there will not be the prejudice now justifiably prevalent against the painting of history and legend. A congruous and coherent symbolism, the finding of an idiom in which the essence of a theme can be pictorially expressed, with no false out-of-key elaboration of the

parts—that is what is wanted: a method that uses the spirit and not the letter. Whether the style be summarily short-hand or piercingly imaginative in detail does not matter, so it be personal and native to the artist. Intensity, conviction, human emotion, directness, breadth—these are the essentials. And here, it seems to me, is the true, as yet unrealized, goal of the new movement in contemporary art, which as yet is so uneasy and

restless because it is so clogged by legacies of dogmas it has no need for. The tragic and spirit-searching experience of the war, the wrestle of fundamental causes which underlies all its waste and horror, draws us down into the burning elements and energies of man. Why should not these find as direct and potent expression in painting and sculpture as in poetry and music?

LAURENCE BINYON.

The Folk Culture of the Kentucky Cumberlands

I venture to assert that, in spite of all that has been written, less is really known about the Cumberlands than about any other corner of the country. The reason is that those who have done the writing have usually had a very slight, or else a very narrow and limited, knowledge of their subject. Often they have had none at all, at first hand. This applies particularly to the novelists. I know of two mountain novels whose authors had never seen the mountains. Not, of course, that it is in the least necessary to see them. The mountain novel has become standardized, and anyone can easily get the formula. Several stock types—the moonshiner, the feudist, and the rest—constantly reappear in them, and the dialect is passed along from one hand, or mouth, to another.

But the novelists are not the only offenders. The same evidence of superficial acquaintance is to be encountered in much that is not fiction. It is to be encountered even in the work of such a writer as Miss Ellen Churchill Semple, who is an authority on the relation of geographic environment to historic development, and whose article "The Anglo-Saxons of the Kentucky Mountains," which appeared originally in the "Geographical Journal," is, all things considered, the best descriptive account of the mountain world of Kentucky.

To begin with, Miss Semple's title is a misnomer. She herself admits the presence of Scotch-Irish, French Huguenot, and Pennsylvania Dutch elements, though she seeks to minimize this admission by

the rather loose assertion, regarding the former, that they are "largely Teutonic in origin"; but she says nothing at all here of the aboriginal element, which she refers to elsewhere as "insignificant." Now, on the contrary, Indian blood is widely diffused, and it is a question whether there is a single family without at least a trace of it. Some families have much more than a trace. In short, far from being "the purest Anglo-Saxon stock in all the United States," as Miss Semple calls them, these mountaineers are perhaps the most composite; though the thoroughness with which the melting-pot has done its work, and the freedom from any recent tide of immigration, may entitle them, in a very special sense, to be called "pure Americans"—types strangely prophetic, it may be, of the Americans of the future.

But the most remarkable passage in Miss Semple's article is that dealing with the negro.

If the mountains have kept out foreign elements, still more effectively have they excluded the negroes. This region is as free from them as northern Vermont. There is no place for the negro in the mountain economy, and never has been. In the days of slavery this fact had momentous results. The mountains did not offer conditions for plantation cultivation, the only system of agriculture in which slaves could be profitably employed. The absence of these conditions and of the capital wherewith to purchase negroes made the whole Appalachian region a non-slave-holding section. Hence, when the rupture came between the North and South, this mountain region declared for the Union, and thus raised a barrier of dissatisfaction through the centre of the Southern States. It had no sympathy with the industrial system of the South; it shared the democratic spirit characteristic of all mountain people,

and likewise their conservatism, which holds to the established order. Having, therefore, no intimate knowledge of the negro, our Kentucky mountaineers do not show the deep-seated prejudice to the social equality of the blacks and whites which characterizes all other Kentuckians.

It would be difficult to compose a single paragraph more completely packed with misstatements and false conclusions derived therefrom. There is, indeed, but one gleam of truth in it. This appears in the last sentence. It is a fact that the mountaineers do not show the deep-seated prejudice to the social equality of the blacks and whites which characterizes all other Kentuckians; but it is not a fact that this is because the mountaineer has no intimate knowledge of the negro, though the theory is undoubtedly a convenient and comfortable one for the "other Kentuckians," who can find in it a sort of negative support for their own attitude. For there *are* negroes in the mountains. Not many, to be sure, and not in all parts alike; but still enough, and of sufficiently wide distribution, to confute Miss Semple's broad statement of fact, and to discredit her theory based upon it.

There are negroes in Clay County, where they are thick-settled all about Manchester, the county seat; and there are negroes also in Knott and Perry counties, where they have their principal settlements on the waters of Carr's Fork. What is more, these negroes are all the descendants of slaves, and of slaves held in the mountains. For it is, again, not true that slavery did not exist there. The mountains as a whole certainly did not offer conditions for plantation cultivation; but there are certain creeks with broad bottoms that did, and slaves were owned there, precisely as they were in the Blue Grass.

These sections, moreover, did have a very decided sympathy with the industrial system of the South, sided with Secession, and fought for it; so that, in Kentucky, at least, the mountains were by no means the absolute barrier of disaffection they are represented to be. Indeed, the division of sentiment which marked the state of Kentucky as a whole, extended right through this southeastern end of it. Hence the bit-

ter guerilla warfare that raged there, and hence the dominance of the Democratic party in at least one mountain county—Knott—at the present day, and its strength in several others.

For there is by no means that "staunch adherence to the Republican party" on the part of the mountaineers as a whole, that Miss Semple speaks of later on in her article, and it was not so many years ago that a party of "furrin" women—daring and devoted settlement workers—riding through the North Fork country, came near being mobbed by the mountaineers because they displayed an American flag, known in that particular locality only as the Republican, or "Radical," emblem!

I have thought it worth while to mention these misstatements, first, because so far as I am aware they have never been corrected before; and second, because they illustrate so well the prevailing ignorance about the mountains, even among those who, like Miss Semple, herself a Kentuckian, have actually been there. I am not, however, primarily interested in ethnological questions; nor do I, as Miss Semple does, attach any particular importance to these racial differences, an importance which clearly cloaks an Anglo-Saxon chauvinism in her case, as when she turns certain admirable traits of the mountaineer—his gentle, gracious manners—into a tribute to the "inextinguishable excellence of the Anglo-Saxon race." My own principal preoccupation is with the civilization, the culture, of the mountain people, or perhaps more exactly, with the cultural survivals among them; and these, I am quite prepared to admit, are pretty nearly pure Anglo-Saxon, or English.

It is really amazing, when one considers the number of racial elements that have entered into this strange mountain amalgam, how little they have contributed to the common store. Or it would be amazing, if we did not already know how completely one culture can dominate, and eventually supplant, all other cultures, even when it is that of the submerged minority—as in Rumania, where we have the spectacle of a nearly pure Slav people with a Romance language and literature. I have met mountaineers with German

names, such as Schell, Huff, Gayhart, Amburgy, Eversole, Reisner, and so on, who could recall that their grandparents spoke German; but not a vestige of that tongue remains in the mountains to-day, or, indeed, anything else that is specifically Germanic. For surely we cannot so regard that Faustian legend of a man who sells his soul to the Devil, a legend which one encounters everywhere and of which, in one of my mountain tales, I have given a version almost verbatim as a mountain story-teller told it to me.

It is the same, or nearly the same, with the French; since the few French words, or derivatives, that survive—such as "nervous" (*nerveux*) for "strong," "muscular"; and "denounce" (*denoncer*) for "announce"—may very well have entered into the popular speech (as the second, of course, did into legal phraseology) long before the migration to America. In one instance what persists, apparently, is not the word itself, but the idea underlying it.

In the little village of Hindman, Knott County, there is a settlement school, the first of its kind instituted in the mountains. Among the buildings that belong to it is one small cottage, high up on the hillside, where tired workers may rest and recuperate. It is called "Rest Cottage." But the village people have another name for it, "pouting-house." Now one has only to consider the derivation of the French *boudoir* from *bouder*—"to pout" or, in the older sense, to "absent oneself"—in order to perceive the curious interest, if not necessarily the etymological significance, of this quaint mountain coinage.

When we come to the Scotch-Irish or, better, the Scotch and Irish—for there are both—the case is somewhat different. Certain traits of the mountaineer suggest the Scotchman, and a trace of the Scotch dialect is often discernible in his speech. Also, there is his passion for theological discussion, coupled with the harsh, Calvinistic cast of his historic creed. Finally, he may have contributed to the common stock of songs and ballads; though it is difficult to determine to just what extent, inasmuch as the two countries, England and Scotland (Lowland), constitute, I believe, a single area for the folklorist.

Next to the speech—the mountain speech at once so fresh, so vigorous, and so archaic; so close to that of the Elizabethans—these songs and ballads are, of course, the chief cultural possession of the Cumberlands. There, favored by the widespread illiteracy, they have been handed down from generation to generation by authentic oral tradition. Everyone to-day knows something about the romance of their recovery there, long after it was assumed that they had all but disappeared from the modern world. It was on this assumption that the late Professor Child made his monumental compilation of "English and Scottish Ballads," deriving them almost entirely from printed sources. He included a few variants reported to him as still surviving in the United States but he attached no importance to them, and after his death those who, in a sense, became his heirs committed themselves to the view that ballad-singing, like ballad-making, was a lost art. Yet to-day between 70 and 80 of Child's 305 have been identified on American soil, besides many not included in his collection, some of which he doubtless never knew.

In this number, however, it is necessary to distinguish between those found in such sophisticated sections as New England, and those collected in the South, where alone they may be said to survive in any vital sense. Of these last Professor C. Alphonso Smith, the head of the movement in this country, gives a total of 42. Mr. Cecil J. Sharp includes versions of only 33 in his recent book, "Folksongs from the Southern Appalachians," which is largely confined to the Carolina mountains; but since then he has visited Kentucky and increased his bag to 46. He has also taken down a thousand tunes. For the modern collector understands better than the old that the ballad is not a mere literary composition; it is song—a form of musical speech, or story-telling. This speech lingers to-day, as perhaps nowhere else in the civilized world, on the lips of men and women in the Smokies and in the Cumberlands. In England, Mr. Sharp tells us, only the old people, past seventy, sing these ballads; in this country

he hears everyone sing them, even the children—especially the children. I myself have heard them everywhere—on the creek, in the cabin, in the cornfield—and I know of nothing more strangely moving than to listen, in those lost lands, to the slow, mournful, tragic strains of such forgotten old-world songs as "Barbara Allen," "The Jew's Daughter," and "The Turkish Lady."

Nor is the initial creative impulse itself by any means exhausted. Indeed, in nearly every community will be found someone who "follers makin' ballets." A robbery (rare occurrence in this region), a railroad wreck, an assassination, like that of Goebel or Marcum—any one of these affords fitting material for a new folksong which, married to some old tune, passes thus into general circulation, to be sung alone or to the accompaniment of banjo or dulcimer.

For the mountaineer has an instrument of his own, no less than a distinctive music and literature. It is a curious instrument, and there is considerable mystery as to its origin. In fact, the one thing absolutely certain about it is that it is not a dulcimer, that instrument being, of course, one whose strings are struck with little mallets, or hammers, whereas these are plucked, or "picked."

Nothing resembling this so-called mountain dulcimer has been found among the peasants of England. The suggestion has been made, therefore, that it may possibly be the degenerate form of some court instrument brought over by an early gentleman-adventurer—one of Raleigh's, perhaps, since there is a tradition that they found their final refuge in the mountains. But this is, to say the least, doubt-

ful; for, as far as I know, there is nothing among the courtly lutes, viols, gitterns, or citoles that shows the slightest affinity with it. My own theory is that it is descended from the medieval monochord, once common throughout Europe and still found among savage races. It is true that the monochord has, as its name implies, only one string; but two of the three strings of the dulcimer are merely the "drone" strings that are found equally in other descendants of the monochord, such as the hurdy-gurdy and the "zithers" used by German peasants and Vosges mountaineers as late as the eighteenth century. It is to these last, perhaps, that the mountain dulcimer comes closest. Indeed, there is in the Metropolitan Museum an instrument, catalogued as "German, 18th Century," that seems to be identical with the standard Kentucky type. If this description is correct, then of course the question of origin is settled.

But the dulcimer has nearly disappeared nowadays in favor of the inevitable banjo, and the ballads are fast following after it. Nothing primitive or peculiar can long withstand the advance of civilization in the Cumberlands. Progress is very rapid at the present day, and will be still more rapid when the war is over and the price of steel rails recedes. The whole region is one vast coal field, and the railroads are invading it from every direction. It will not be many years before every creek has its spur, its mining town, and its coal tipples. Then goodbye to the ballad and all that strange, fascinating, semi-barbarous life that has so long survived in these hills and has made them the "Balkans of America."

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

The Two Rains

SPRING RAIN

Tinkling of ankle bracelets.
Dull striking
Of jade and sardonyx
From whirling ends of jointed circlets.

SUMMER RAIN

Clashing of bronze bucklers.
Screaming of horses.
Red plumes of head-trappings
Flashing above spears.

AMY LOWELL.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

VIII

THE ORGANIZATION OF PEACE

The business of organizing lasting peace is, after all, only the business of making more extensive, deeper, and more thorough-going in application the irreducible principles which are the commonplaces of all community life. They are so implicit in the simplest act of coöperation between men that it is not until they are maimed and bruised—as they are par excellence by war—that they are ever brought to vividness and focus. Ironically and pathetically enough, we then herald them as original and triumphant methods for creating and organizing international amity, although they have been known and repeated since the days of Plato's "Republic." What are some of these ancient principles to which the war has brought a new dignity?

The history of social development is largely the history of the acquirement, as private property, by a few peoples and by a few individuals among those peoples of most of the tools and materials of life. One phase of history then becomes the attempt of the expropriated to recover a control over the necessities of life, a chance for freedom, and a hope for happiness. What we call the principles of democracy and nationality is simply a shorthand sign for this endeavor. Its success is marked by the socialization of what is private, by the application of the principle of "eminent domain"—the substitution of the rule of law, which is only force made impersonal, for the rule of force, which is only law taken by the individual into his own hands. Hence, between states, exclusive sovereignty has invariably meant international anarchy; equalization of sovereignty, international peace. As for the peace within the nation there is the law, before which all men are equal, so for the peace between nations there must be a law before which all nations are equal. Such an equality does not mean similarity. On the contrary, such an equality means the opportunity for each natural human group to liberate, to develop, and to perfect its

spontaneous natural differences from its fellows. The cases of the Irish in the British commonwealth and of the Poles under Prussian rule will aptly illustrate how these principles apply.

Fifty years ago Ireland was a landlord-ridden country with a terribly exploited and miserable agricultural population. It was a population overtaxed, underfed, and hunted, Catholic in religion yet paying tithes to the Protestant Episcopal Church. It was without opportunity for decent education, without means or help wherewith it could preserve and study and develop the Irish language and literature and the other contents of the Gaelic culture. In 1869 essential reform began. The Protestant Episcopal Church was disestablished and disendowed; the expropriation of the landlord and the establishment of the Irish peasant was begun, and the government with its law and its credit has ever since stood behind the latter against the landlord. It initiated and is still carrying on a great housing reform; it gave aid to home industries; it made local self-government universal; it created a department of agriculture and technical instruction for the whole island; it established and endowed the Irish National University, with its headquarters in Dublin and with colleges in Cork and Galway; it made knowledge of the Irish language obligatory for entrance. This language, because it was the speech of the poor and the miserable, with prosperity began to be abandoned by the Irish in favor of English. The event follows the definite law of imitation which governs such matters. The law operates in precisely the same way in the United States, where immigrants abandon their mother-tongues for that of the English-speaking upper classes. The Irish politicians noted the process but gave no heed to it. When the Irish Renaissance came and the Gaelic League was organized, it was not the politicians but the British government that endowed its endeavors, and endowed the teaching of

Irish in the public schools. Indeed, since 1901 the government has paid about \$60,000 a year from the Imperial funds for these purposes—twice what was collected in the same period from voluntary contributions in Ireland and the rest of the world. The result: four million Irishmen, mostly small farmers, have lent the British government very nearly \$250,000,000 since the war broke out. The Irish Renaissance has added to Ireland's physical as well as spiritual stature. Home Rule is here an issue beside the point, and no one would pretend that the Irish problem is solved. The significance of the situation is in the fact that the establishment of equality before the law for the Irish has liberated the Irishman, given him at any rate the beginnings of prosperity, and made him loyal to the British commonwealth and the war to the extent of almost a quarter of a billion dollars.

Now consider Prussian Poland: the Prussian policy has offered the Poles the alternative of extirpation or Prussianization. For a score of years the Prussian government spent \$5,000,000 annually trying to buy out the Polish landowners; and failing that, enacted repressive laws; and finally, in 1908, passed a law providing for the compulsory expropriation of Polish landowners who would not Prussianize. Although the Treaty of Vienna definitely provided for religious and cultural freedom for the Poles that then came under Prussian dominion, the use of Polish at public meetings is prohibited. Since 1873 German alone may be taught in the national schools; teachers, under a decree of 1899, may not speak Polish in their own homes. Teaching the language and possessing Polish literature are crimes punishable with imprisonment. The Poles are unequal before the law, and their attitude toward Prussia expresses the inequality. As Plato points out in the first book of the "Republic," there must be honor among thieves if thieves are to make common cause against honest men. How much the more amongst honest men if they are to live in freedom and safety! And that the system of exclusive sovereignties makes every nation think of every other nation as a thief, should become clear

even after a cursory reading of history. Only if the common bases of the common life, only if the world's highways, harbors, raw materials, and undeveloped lands are possessed and used in common, only if a violation of community can be swiftly and adequately punished, can men be free for the life and the pursuit of happiness appropriate to each according to his kind. In a word, we require no political nostrums to secure lasting peace. We need only shift our attention, and profit by our own example.

How may this may be done? Well, turn to the conduct of the war itself, particularly to its failures, for answer. In the past three years there have arisen occasions when complete military victory might perhaps have been attained by the armies of Democracy. Such victory is indispensable, and we must go on fighting until it is won; we must go on killing yet more and more of the most hopeful and bravest of our blood, and leaving more and more of the future in the hands of men too old for preoccupation with anything but the past, in the hands of backward-looking men. Why? Because, in truth, though the democracies have been fighting a single enemy, they have not been fighting a single war. Between Russia and Rumania, between Italy and Serbia, even between France and Russia there have been conflicts of desire. Each was fighting first for its own ends, then for the common end. Lacking a common end, there could not be a common front; lacking a common front, there could not be final victory. So our soldiers paid and our workers paid for the illusion of exclusive sovereignty. So they will continue to pay unless the precarious alliance of the democracies is turned into a real one, into a genuine international organization. It took the defeat of Rumania, the disintegration of Russia, the Italian débâcle to teach us this. And we have still much to learn. As Norman Angell has pointed out again and again, military victory is indispensable, but not sufficient. Only the mobilization of the public opinion of the democracies in behalf of a democratic and lasting peace can actually establish such a peace. The needed mobilization requires

common understanding and assent between the democratic powers, particularly between the powers of the West and Russia. The President's message of January 8 recognized this necessity in clear and vigorous terms. Prostrate in a military sense as Russia seems to be, she is today the one saving and constructive factor in the whole international situation.

To those who have been following the political history of Europe since the German assault upon civilization began, it must be clear that the Russian revolution has not merely overturned Czarism and its bureaucracy; it has seriously shaken the whole war-breeding structure of secret diplomacy among the Allies. It upset the arrangements of the misguided Paris Conference; it strengthened liberalism in England, France, and Germany; the Bolshevik publication of dynastic treaties shamed into withdrawal and retirement the ruling Tories who had made them; the Bolshevik negotiations with the Central Powers have now exposed the duplicity of the German government and have farther deepened the gulf between the government and the German people. Lord Lansdowne's magnificent protest was made possible by the Bolsheviks. The religiously uncompromising adherence to the international position by the leaders of the Bolsheviks has thrown the preponderance of influence at last with the plain people of Europe. Without it, the second of the great constructive formations of the war, the new British Labor Party, could not have been encouraged to announce so radical a programme; without it the statements of Lloyd George and President Wilson would hardly have been forthcoming. The Bolsheviks are making the war not only a war for democracy, but a war at last of democracy and by democracy.

For when the war began, the Tories everywhere got into the saddle. They were the men of affairs and enterprise, accustomed to dealing efficiently with large matters. They controlled, as they still are controlling in this country, men and material to please themselves. The masses of the people were only to feel, to pay taxes, and to serve in army and factory. The masses of the people everywhere did so

willingly and happily. Labor gave up its rights, and intellect its necessary prerogative; and a heyday of profiteering, tax-dodging, and bitter-endism began. But the people soon grew restive. England and France changed the incidence of taxation; their governments deferred more and more to the condition of labor, though not to its position. Liberalism and intelligence were everywhere censored and repressed. Secret diplomacy prevailed; the obvious will of the people to a just and democratic and lasting peace was ignored. An abyss developed between peoples and governments, an abyss which Lloyd George's address to the Labor Party closed in England, but which the intransigent attitude of Clemenceau widens in France. Governments, speaking for the future of capital, saw peace in the old terms of diplomatic deceit. Peoples, war weary, hungry for freedom and happiness, saw peace in the new terms of a commonwealth of nations. Friction and unrest began to show themselves, with one terminus in the Rumanian débâcle and another in the Italian disaster. Meanwhile came the Russian revolution and the fear of it and revulsion against it by the Tories, embattled everywhere but in the trenches, where Toryism cannot survive. Accusations, condemnations—everything that the interests who saw their prerogatives threatened thereby could hurl, was hurled against the revolution. Meanwhile events in Russia took their inevitable course. Two provisional governments that failed to execute the deep-lying will of the Russian people for a just, democratic and lasting peace disintegrated and disappeared in much smoke and some blood. The history of the present Bolshevik administration merits all that President Wilson said of it, and much more: it is the one fertilizing force that throughout Europe is making governments answerable to peoples. By its mere being it is forcing an extension of the scope of democracy not less in England than in Rumania and Austria and Germany.

The one country where it has not this effect is the United States. The reasons are not too ambiguous. President Wilson at least—I will not say our government—

has an international vision coincident with the Russians'. The very causes that brought us into the war throw together the hopes of the two democracies. And so the government of the United States has from the beginning stood by the new Russia with men, material, and opinion; and it has in this carried out the will of the American people. But the vocal class of our country, the class that controls the press, that is amassing fortunes because of the war, that resists equitable taxation such as our allies have ordained, that is administratively in the saddle, and that demands the (to it) profitable establishment of permanent and universal military service—this class has opposed that coöperation. It has done all it could, by denunciation and what not, to destroy the understanding, precarious at best, between Russia and the United States. So has it given aid and comfort to the enemy. It has strengthened the morale of the enemy by creating materials that the enemy government could use in urging the German people to go on fighting in "self-defence." It has used patriotism as a cloak for partisanship, and national loyalty for local advantage. It has been loud in denouncing freedom of speech and of the press. In Russia this class, the Junker and ruling class, has been heard and discussed far more than any other American class. To the Russian democracy they are America, and until the democracy of America makes itself heard as the democracy of England has made itself heard they will remain America. Today it is not believed in Russia that President Wilson will be able to carry out that wise programme of war aims, restated upon the demand of the democracy of Russia. Only the action of American labor, in common with all our country's other liberal forces, discussing and endorsing these aims, can awaken that belief. Only the action of labor, in common with all our country's other liberal forces, in demanding and helping to create an international machinery, can make that belief secure. Such action will render democratic and lasting peace inevitable. It will enable the democratic allies to reap the full benefit of military victory because it will detach the German people from the

German government. It is an action that must be taken at once, in common with the workingmen of England, France, Italy, and Russia. It means getting efficiently behind our President at home and holding up the hands of our soldiers abroad.

But how is such action to be taken? What is to be asked for and how is it to be obtained? All the peace conferences that have ever been, have been held by diplomats under appointment and behind closed doors. How can the forthcoming conference be held otherwise? There is no precedent.

But there is a precedent, and a precedent that is absolute in similarity. It is to be found in the history of our own country. We do not regard it as a precedent, because we have come to think of the United States of America as one nation. But between 1776 and 1787 the thirteen independent and sovereign states that underwent the American Revolution were in precisely the same position and confronted precisely the same problems, in principle, as the present states and governments of the world. They won through to a combination of interstate unity with state sovereignty from which we benefit today. There is far less reason why the peoples and states concerned in the present war should not win through, and by methods analogous or the same, to an analogous end.

H. M. KALLEN.

Reproof

E'en as the mole blinks at the sun and makes
In the dank earth his starless heaven, black
And furrowed with a hundred roots that track
Out downward ways and outward, and mistakes
The gleamless paths for light, and shrewdly
breaks

New burrows in his endless realm, and back
And forth disports himself with never lack
Of proud to-do; so dost thou blink the aches

And ecstasies of living in the light
Of sorrowing and gladsome day, thou weak
Vainglorious soul of me, and in a night
Of endless, brooding self-pursuit dost seek
To build thyself a heaven dead to sight?
And can to thee no stranger's music speak?

EDWARD SAPIR.

Our London Letter

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

The war poets are always with us; and as if there were not enough of them appearing every day, Mr. E. B. Osborn has made a selection of pieces which have already been published and has called the volume "The Muse in Arms." Mr. Osborn is a member of the staff of the "Morning Post," which is almost the only paper in England which has not paid even lip-service to the creed that the winning of the war stands above our ante-bellum internal quarrels. But in spite of this it is perhaps the most vociferous and blood-thirsty of all the organs which demand a fight to the finish, and Mr. Osborn himself rejoices in a sort of academic blood-lust which is terrifying to witness. Even our determined *just-à-boutistes*—I am one of them—cannot bring themselves to believe that war is a thing in itself good or to do anything but deplore the necessity under which we find ourselves of continuing this riot of misery and pain. But from the beginning Mr. Osborn has taken the attitude that slaughter is the queen of outdoor pastimes and has written about it very much in the spirit of a football reporter who has at last found something worthy of his most frenzied paragraphs. Mr. H. G. Wells caricatured him mercilessly in "Boon," drawing him in several pictures as the embodiment of the martial spirit. One of them that I remember was a spirited composition entitled "Mr. Osborn, in a moment of virile indignation, swiping St. Francis of Assisi one with a club." But Mr. Osborn survived ridicule that would have oppressed a man whose thirst for blood was less fervent, and the great "Morning Post" building in the Strand still echoes daily with his calls for carnage.

But, oddly enough, this quaint aberration has done nothing to rob him of a taste in literature singularly fine and exact. His newspaper articles have always been distinguished by a curious talent for apt and unhackneyed quotation, and his judgment and skill have enabled him to make a very presentable volume out of a highly miscellaneous mass of material. He has not given each of his poets in a lump but has divided his book into sections according to subject and has arrayed the pieces really "in the most poetically effective order," as Palgrave called it. It cannot be said that the war has yet produced much which could startle any critic who tested it by the highest

standards of English literature, but it has produced a dozen or more fine pieces and a mass of stuff the average level of which is really much higher than we had any right to expect. All the established favorites are here, set against a background of lesser work which Mr. Osborn has disposed so cunningly as to draw from it the utmost effect of which it is capable. Indeed the only offense committed against literary standards is that the book is so well edited as to make a great many poems seem better poetry than they actually are. The chief weakness revealed is one that can be detected not only in our own war-poetry but also in that of previous ages; namely, a certain lack of concreteness. Love-poets write, thank Heaven! not only about Love but also about love-affairs. War-poets prefer to confine themselves to War, and the best of them seem unable to come to grips with the things that happen in war. This has been due in the past largely to the fact that poets have not often been fighters and, like wise men, have dealt very gingerly with affairs of which they had no first-hand knowledge. Most of the men writing today, though they have the requisite first-hand knowledge, are imitative souls and cannot get past the only models available to them. But the few who are real poets are getting closer to the facts, and we shall have the full fruit of their experience when the war is over. Meanwhile Mr. Osborn's anthology provides an excellent interim report from the poets upon the matter, and at the same time it owes much more to its editor than anthologies usually do. Were Mr. Osborn to encounter my timid attempt at praising him, he would no doubt repudiate it and call me—I am not a constant reader of the "Morning Post" and so I am not aware of the present state of its vocabulary of abuse, but I think he would call me either a Bolshevik or a Bolo. But he would be wrong. And I am inclined to believe that if he could read the thoughts of some of his fighting contributors he would call them Bolsheviks and Bolos also, and be equally wrong.

One at least among his contributors has published a volume which deserves to be better known than it can be by a few extracts in an anthology. Mr. Robert Graves is a captain in the Welsh Fusiliers. He is also a son of Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who wrote "Father O'Flynn" and other well-known pieces. These two influences, presumably, have bred between them an odd mongrel of a book called "Fairies

and Fusiliers," which—it is the kind of book that calls for a personal recommendation—has given me huge and undiluted pleasure. Mr. Graves has a pleasant phantasy, a strong, whimsical sense of humor, an equally strong vein of poetry, and a good style; and he has just managed, as the mythical sergeant advised his men, not to take this war too seriously. He is gay without affectation and can be proud without pomposity or false sentiment, as in this first stanza from "To Lucasta on Going to the Wars—for the Fourth Time":

It doesn't matter what's the cause,
What wrong they say we're righting,
A curse for treaties, bonds, and laws,
When we're to do the fighting!
And since we lads are proud and true,
What else remains to do?
Lucasta, when to France your man
Returns his fourth time, hating war,
Yet laughs as calmly as he can
And flings an oath, but says no more,
That is not courage, that's not fear—
Lucasta, he's a Fusilier

And his pride sends him here.

The easiness of the piece substantiates its swagger, and a certain exactitude in the style justifies the presumption implied in using the name Lucasta. This poem is a genuine and individual attempt at expressing a genuine and individual emotion. And in some way the poet has contrived to get far enough away from his trench experiences to make vivid pictures of them in a few words, as:

Here by a snowbound river
In scrapen holes we shiver,
And like old bitterns we
Boom to you plaintively.

This is not quite what we expected our best war-poetry would be when we should get it at last; but after all what right have we, in a war of surprises, to predict exactly what kind of war-poetry it will produce? Enough that Mr. Graves has genius and that he writes neither haughtily about War nor vulgarly on subjects suitable for recitation, but sincerely and humanly about what he himself has felt.

Mr. Graves is included with other new poets in the new volume of "Georgian Poetry" which has just appeared for 1916-7. Among the other new men are Mr. Robert Nichols, whom I have mentioned in a previous letter, and Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. Both of these are soldiers and owe, I think, some of their popularity to the fact; and both of them show promise and should improve considerably when they have forgotten the war. Neither of them can render military experience as can Mr. Graves. "Georgian Poetry," of

course, is a periodical publication, purporting to gather up every couple of years or so the best verse which has been produced. Such a venture is obviously open to criticisms, which are, as obviously, not sufficiently profitable to be worth the trouble of making. I will content myself therefore with random observations, such as that it includes Mr. J. C. Squire's magnificent poem "The Lily of Malud" and an outwardly less impressive but deeper piece by him called "The House." There are also six very remarkable pieces by Mr. W. J. Turner. Eighteen poets in all are included; but of the rest I will only mention Mr. Drinkwater, and him only because, having established for himself a factitious popularity in England, he will probably soon make an attempt on the American public. I can see in his work only a sort of essence of bad poetry, all the poetical common-places of all time embodied in a language of the utmost splendor, the meaning of which is very imperfectly understood by the author. I cannot see, for example, anything but sheer pretence in this:

Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed
Because a summer evening passed;
And little Ariadne cried
That summer fancy fell at last
To dust; and young Verona died
When beauty's hour was overcast.

Theirs was the bitterness we know
Because the clouds of hawthorn keep
So short a state, and kisses go
To tombs unfathomably deep,
While Rameses and Romeo
And little Ariadne sleep.

It seems to me to be nothing more than the merest manipulation of the counters of poetry, an appeal to facile emotion, what in short is called by low-down newspaper reporters a "clutch-at-the-heart-strings story." I would not thus go out of my way to attack Mr. Drinkwater if he had not made a reputation; Heaven knows there are too many bad poets for even the most zealous of critics to be always weeping over them. But I hereby solemnly warn the American public against Mr. Drinkwater's verse. I may be wrong. It may be that, instead of showing too patently the effects of a study of Swinburne, Shelley, and Milton (with others), he is the Swinburne, Shelley, and Milton (with others) of our time, all in one. But I think not.

It would have been more profitable perhaps to have left myself space to say something about Mr. Hardy's new "Moments of Vision" instead of attacking a man who has never done me any harm—for, after all, I am under no compulsion

to read Mr. Drinkwater's voluminous and rapidly increasing works. But, on the whole, I think I have done right. Mr. Hardy's book is a glorious collection of over one hundred and fifty new poems, not one of which is not thoroughly characteristic, none of which are without merit, and a large proportion of which are in his very best manner. But there is nothing new to say about Mr. Hardy. As is only natural, he shows no special change or development. He continues to perform miracles with a style which would at once sink any other poet to the bottom; and he sends the reader away in a state of mind in which only delight at the power of his poetry mitigates the profound gloom it induces.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, January 15, 1918.

Thistles and Grapes in Professor Sherman's Garden

ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. By Stuart P. Sherman. (Holt; \$1.50.)

To say that Professor Sherman's book is a reprint of essays from "The Nation" would not give an adequate description of it. For the essays have been retouched, have been adjusted to one another as component parts of a general scheme, and have been provided with an introduction of some explicitness, as well as with a Shakespearean epilogue to drive the thesis home. In addition to all these points, which disclose themselves gradually, the reader is met at the start with a motto from Matthew Arnold on the title-page and a dedication to Paul Elmer More. These last arouse expectations—or apprehensions.

Arnold's line says: "Man must begin, know this, where nature ends." Nature, one soon comes to surmise, means that body of "natural men" who are more intent on indulgence in individual latitude than on a due deference to an established social organization. More specifically, and for the purposes of this book, the "naturalist" is the writer who gives the natural man and his lawless ways support and countenance, and who shows but a light regard, or none, for the conventional framework of things as they have come to be.

Possibly the blackest of Mr. Sherman's *bêtes noires*—though not the most important—is Theodore Dreiser, as he shows himself in his five notorious novels. Those who feel that Mr.

Dreiser's work is essentially a complete negation of all artistry will think that he has received too much attention—has drawn too much space too emphatically employed. But the critic is determined to drive his point home. He will make the distinction between a "naturalist" and a "realist." The realistic novel, he maintains, is a representation based on a theory of human conduct, whereas a naturalistic novel is a representation based on a theory of animal behavior. Thus is Dreiser sealed of the tribe of Zola and branded as a follower of a discredited theory of fiction.

If Theodore Dreiser is the blackest of Professor Sherman's beasts, George Moore is the "highest"—the most odoriferous. Moore, it is declared, denies the notion of a rational self-determination, of an intelligible object guiding a man to ideal ends: man is but the victim of the same unconscious energy that animates the beasts of the field. But to maintain the concurrence of nature in the moral ends of man is impossible. The fork in the road awaits us: either "we must turn to the right with reason to guide us into the walled and steeped cities and the civil life of our kind, or turn to the left and trust to instinct." In that case, there lies ahead the land whose chief offer is but the flush and fading of sensual excitement. "When a man has shaken off the bonds that united him with civil society, the only confession that he can make of significance to civil readers is that such emancipation is exile."

But, after all, Mr. Sherman's favorite *bête noire* appears to be H. G. Wells. A recent American critic has declared that Wells will be thought to have played in his own time a part much like that played by Matthew Arnold in his: "Wells, on Education, on Criticism, on Politics, . . . even on Religion, continues the propaganda of Arnold." This, Mr. Sherman indignantly and with full circumstantiality denies; he finds, with a circumstantiality as full, the earlier Wells not in Arnold but in Shelley. This service, he thinks, should be gratefully received by Wells and his followers: "for I have denied him the rank of a Victorian critic only that I might elevate him to the rank of a Georgian angel."

An analogue equally acute and startling "places" John M. Synge. Synge's years in Paris left their mark. He became steeped in Anatole France: "the two men are absolutely at one in their aloof, pyrrhonic irony and their homeless laughter—the laughter of men who have wan-

dered all the highways of the world and have found no abiding city." Synge, among the Aran Islands, was as Hearn in Japan or as Loti in Polynesia: "he wished to escape into a perfectly strange and virgin environment"; and "the drift of all his work is to emphasize the eternal hostility between a harsh and repugnant world of facts controlled by law, and the inviting realm of lawless imagination."

Well, all these items are on one side of the ledger. Let us look a little on the other. Come, here are Arnold Bennett and Mark Twain. Yes, and Shakespeare.

Henry James, it will be recalled, gave due recognition to Bennett's prodigious accumulation of facts, but asked, in effect, "Where does it all get you?" Mr. Sherman gives the answer. He quotes Bennett's own words: "The full beauty of an activity is never brought out until it is subjected to discipline and strict ordering." This represents, says Mr. Sherman, the views of a man who has taken his stand against Wells's Utopia on the one hand and Dreiser's jungle on the other. Such views, as old as civilized society, have the conservative complexion of all traditional and enduring things. The line of progress in human society cannot possibly lead "back to nature"—society being in great part an organized opposition to nature. The promptings and inclinations of the natural man—the man detached from social relations—are not to be approved and encouraged. No novelist can quite afford to treat a small detached group "in the round." Socialized man cries for relationships and background. Nothing less praiseworthy than amorous wantonings in an ethical vacuum—or, what is just as bad for the present purpose, a social vacuum. That way D'Annunzio lies. A novelist who paints men in preference to tigers, supermen, or scientific angels, justly says our author, has interestingly taken sides. His preference is indeed "an entirely discussible 'criticism of life.'"

The essay on "The Democracy of Mark Twain" contributes less to the cause. I find it perfunctory and pumped-up. I don't blame the writer. If I were doing an essay on Mark Twain, I should be even more perfunctory and pumped-up. Mr. Sherman seems to feel it appropriate that he, a highly literate inhabitant of the Mississippi Valley, should show himself appreciative and sympathetic toward one of that valley's major literary lights. But he doesn't quite bring it off. He is too self-disciplined, too

refined, too fastidious. I know the type, and like it. Let us pass on to Shakespeare.

Shakespeare is present because our author finds him the most interesting and suggestive of living writers. His presence helps one to distinguish the value of his competitors. His humanism serves as a measure of the degrees of their naturalism. Banish the current notion that Shakespeare was but a neutral, unmoral, unconscious creative force. On the contrary: he knew immensely well what he was about. Though he ranged through various planes, he "dwelt habitually in that cleared and settled and spacious region of consciousness in which a man's thinking is right and his feelings are sure, in which the elementary human values are fixed, in which truth and goodness and beauty remain the same from age to age."

All these differing names by no means exhaust the items found in Mr. Sherman's ledger. Varying testimonies in addition are wrung from George Meredith, Henry James, and even from that "complacent tory," Alfred Austin. But we know by this time about where we stand. We are asking for a definite social order, and we require that man be responsibly exhibited in responsible relations to that order. But what are that order's characteristics? The fixed, the static. We are in the qualified paradise of the middle-aged conservative. The young man of the new generation and the young-spirited genius of the earlier generation must not bumptiously, defiantly, deliriously presume to ask for change. This order is, in perhaps too great a degree, one in which an exceptional Middle-Westerner has been found worthy to write for "The Nation" and now enjoys the privilege of dedicating his volume to its former editor. It is an acceptable order, of course, but one in which even the best of us does well to mind his p's and q's. This is all just a bit of a pity. For Mr. Sherman really offers us many acute and many weighty pages; there is a subterranean stream of humor from whose half-hidden courses one may occasionally sip a gratefully saline draught; and his introduction, which is really the essence of the book, begins on a charming, captivating note, and rises toward the end, where the war enters, to a tone of noble gravity. Yet one finds a little too much deference, however cloaked, for our farther East, and an unwillingness to give recognition to the fact that this spinning world must change.

HENRY B. FULLER.

A Pilgrim Interprets the Promised Land

AN AMERICAN IN THE MAKING. The Life Story of an Immigrant. By M. E. Ravage. (Harper; \$1.40.)

In my Bahama picture gallery I have a picture of a walk along the flat shore of Andros, now on a curving beach, now on a rough-cobbled, shrub-bordered path—a walk where neither coral sands nor cocoanut trees nor translucent seas were as usual first claimants on attention; but in their stead a retinue of barefoot little girls, no longer shy and dumbly curious, but full of questions about the world outside or of chatter about that notorious island pair, B'o Rabby and B'o Boukee, in whom the stranger from New York had shown such unexpected interest. On this occasion, however, it was the questions rather than the folklore that appealed to me. "They say you can go in a store in New York and get everything you want; is that so?" "Is it true houses in New York are ten story high?" It was a fairy land they wanted to hear about. As we neared the settlement where lived the old man who told so well the "ol' storee," I could not forbear adding to the legend of New York that after all there were no beaches there to run on, no seas to swim in, no piles of pink conchs, but little sunshine and much cold. But in this supplement the children were not interested.

They were as little interested as I find certain New York friends in accounts of life or culture outside of New York. Some years ago I had a "revelation" of New Mexico—of its mesas and skies, of its Indians and ranchers—and returning home I tried to share the revelation; but I soon saw it was impossible to give the friend who slept between linen and silk, and who ate a five course dinner served by Englishmen, any desire to sleep between blankets on a roof or eat from a common bowl off an earthen floor, even were she to wake to glorious sunrises or to find sitting next to her hospitable members of a race whose culture allured to endless study.

Such indifference of one culture to another as New York has of New Mexico, or such misunderstanding as Andros Island has of Manhattan Island, is described with marvelous skill and charm in "An American in the Making." For the townspeople of Vaslui, Rumania, the New York legend is initiated by the return of a townsman bringing with him such impressive

presents as a safety razor, a fountain pen, and a music box. From an American millionaire the unwitting 'ex-Rumanian is elevated in popular fancy into a prefect, a minister, and at last, that he may live up to the picture, by his own admission, into an American Ambassador. Then with fervor indeed he sets in to preach the gospel of New York, pointing out in the advertisements in the Yiddish papers he has with him the choice positions offered to all, even to girls in that amazing land where girls are not a burden. In New York is one not paid even for voting? There were other reports: "that in New York the railways ran over the roofs of houses; that the dwellings were so large that one of them was sufficient to house an entire town in Rumania; that all the food was sold in sealed metal packages; that the water came up into people's homes without having to be carried; and that no one, not even a shoemaker, went to the temple on Saturdays without wearing a stovepipe hat." Inflamed by such lore, the America fever spreads and in the year 1900 a national exodus across seas begins. The propertied classes are the first to go, selling houses and farms and forest-holdings, and giving away their personal goods in such quantities that trade comes to a standstill. For the poorer sort the Walking Movement develops, a phenomenon curiously reminiscent of the Children's Crusade.

As a belated member of one of these pilgrim groups our autobiographer himself starts forth, leaving home with two gold napoleons sewed into his waistcoat and in his bag the gold-clasped prayer-book given his mother by his father at betrothal. When he has arrived in New York and the East Side, his spirit of high adventure becomes an acute sense of depression, broken only by bewilderment over the life he sees his own people leading. He sees them eating cake for breakfast, and meat twice a day, not to speak of eggplant in midwinter and cauliflower, a rarity at home at any season. They even drink beer in their houses. To go to market his kinswoman wears the taffeta dress she had been married in. To clean her kitchen she uses soap too good at home to wash clothes with, and this kitchen and the other rooms are located on the third floor, whereas at Vaslui only the rich lived upstairs, and only one flight up at that. And yet in this kitchen his kinswoman and her baby would sleep at night on the washtubs, and the parlor sofa became a bed for four boarders, with others sleeping on the floor. The air was fetid and the elevated road clattered by the sealed up

windows. And at home was it not only the very lowest people who kept boarders? As for the other shifts to make money the newcomer sees his townspeople put to—

Here was Jonah Gershon, who had been the chairman of the hospital committee in Vaslui and a prominent grain-merchant. He was dispensing soda-water and selling lollypops on the corner of Essex Street. This was Shloma Lobel, a descendant of rabbis and himself a learned scholar. In America he had attained to a basket of shoe-strings and matches and candles. I myself recognized young Layvis, whose father kept the great drug store in Vaslui, and who, after two years of training in medicine at the University of Bucharest, was enjoying the blessings of American liberty by selling newspapers on the streets.

More and fuller pictures of the seething life of the New York ghetto follow, of that life which is neither Old World nor New, where as one of "the semi-independent allied states of the miniature federation of the East Side" a gay Rumanian city is "framed in the stench and squalor and the oppressive, noisy tenements of New York's dingiest slums"; where vermin and filthy ways unknown at home are taken as a joke; where respect for the elders has disappeared, the elders aping the "Americanism" of their more facile juniors; where "a grossness of behavior, a loudness of speech, a certain repellent American smartness in intercourse, were thought necessary if one did not want to be taken for a greenhorn or a boor"! Max, who at home was known as Mordecai—in this land names, like the rest, lose their dignity and romance—Max passes through the greenhorn period of struggle, starvation, and disappointment, an experience known to the East Siders as "purification," a heart-breaking circle in which American clothes are necessary to get the job without which American clothes are ungettable. After peddling and tending bar Max reaches the sweatshop, his cradle of liberty and first university. Here literature and labor problems and socialism are talked of; here books are read during the lunch hour; and here Max becomes aware of the cleavage of East Side society into "clodpates" and "intelligents," those who care more for dollars than ideas, who work hard so that some day they may have others to work hard for them, whose amusements are dance hall or card party, and whose course is that scrupulous respectability which qualifies for business success and, let me add, even for the possession of an opera box in the Metropolitan—and those whose nights are spent in school or lecture hall or at serious plays, young people to whose radicalism the only choice is between socialism or anarchism, who are ut-

terly intolerant of the American heathen given over to wealth and show, and who keep an ever burning faith in the regeneration of human society.

After vicissitudes in private night school and public high school Max, the indomitable, turns away from the intelligentsia of the East Side to seek out "the real Americans" and to qualify for the professional life he has always dreamed of. He enters the Missouri State University. Discerning and subtle as are the pictures of the contacts between Vaslui and New York, they are surpassed by the pictures of Max in the Western college town, where he felt farther from New York than in New York from Vaslui. From the spiritual fervor of the East Side it was a far call to the practical indifference of the Missourian to things of the spirit. Talk of religion was tabooed by the college boys; their Christianity they took as a sort of drug to make them feel good. Socialism was dreaded by them, and all reference to sex was precluded except by way of the funny story. Their worship was of the "strong man," their talk was mostly of athletics, and their cult was football.

A football match in full swing had all the solemnity and all the fervor and color of a great religious service. The band and the songs, the serpentine processions and the periodic risings, the mystic signals and the picturesque vestments, the obscure dramatic conflict with its sudden flights and hot pursuits, the transfigured faces of the populace, the intense silences alternating with violent outbursts of approving cheers and despondent groans—all this was plainly not a game but a significant national worship.

A diverting bit of ethnology, is it not?

The East Sider grasped these general aspects of alien life, but in little personal ways he was baffled by his college mates. He could not make his successive roommates stay with him; he found it was but a matter of time for them to look the other way when he spoke to them, or to take the other side of the street. Their manners were not his. Too "polite" for decisiveness in argument, yet they would go whistling about indoors; insistent on elaborate introductions (one of the oddities, let me say, not only of Missouri but of certain American circles anywhere), yet they would toss biscuits at one another in the dining-room. To get into touch with them the indomitable adventurer read Mark Twain aloud for the vernacular and labored over the Missourian vocabulary; he set about acquiring that lore of field and forest and workshop taken for granted by his fellows but sealed to him; he even joined the cadet corps and went scrupulously to chapel, although the speeches bored him and

the prayers jarred. The harassing discipline and the tragic loneliness were made supportable by a growing realization that, given the normal openness, and even the warmth, of the distinctive pioneer neighborliness of the Missourians, if he was not taken in among them the fault was not with them but with himself. That insight went far to take the conceit out of him and to give him, as he truly observes, something novel for an East Sider—a sense of humor.

Finally Max made a college friend, his first American friend, and the exchange of values friendship brings rescued him from his heart-sickening isolation. Even this process in denaturalization has its price, however; for when Max returned in the vacation to his people in the East Side he seemed different to them, and to him the atmosphere around them had become repellent. Even the ardent revolutionary meeting he attended with his girl friend seemed a sham—what did they know of Americans? Given this stirring of the defensive impulse, it needed but the genial welcome Max received on his return to college for his allegiance to be made valid, for him to feel that now at last he was an American.

An American, yes, if you like, but not a Missourian, and not a New Yorker, East Side or West Side or Morningside, indeed not the product at all, thank God! of those Americanizers who would purify the newcomer of the dross of the Old World and improve him by making him as much like themselves as can be—a practical, clean, and humorous American, uncritical of spiritual values, without passion, drab and anæmic. These loud mouthed sentimentalists to whom the city slum is merely an importation, better at that than the conditions of life the immigrant has escaped from, and the immigrant himself blank paper to write on or fresh putty to mold, these complacent and fatuous Americanizers will find scant comfort in "An American in the Making." Indeed, there is perhaps little encouragement in the book for any American if the experience of the immigrants in bulk be considered—a vastly demoralizing experience. And yet a country is revealed where there are at least no insuperable walls for the spirit that will not succumb in the smallest degree to the mere pressure of untoward circumstance.

That indomitable spirit is incorporated, as nowhere else in the country, in Jewish youth. In it, too, are incorporated other inspiring traits.

As far as North America is concerned the Jews are indeed the chosen people. To what other element in the population can Americans look for that leaven of spiritual fervor they so sorely lack? Unfortunately the function is not always recognized even by the Jew himself. The differentiation between "clodpate" and "intelligent" is not limited to the East Side. Throughout America the Jew tends to be either the betrayer of modern culture or its regenerator, the leader in science or the exploiter of gullibility, the feminist par excellence or the cadet, the internationalist or the profiteering politician, the Judas or the Jesus of American society.

But not as a portrayal of the Jewish spirit nor as a recognition of its leaven, not as a study in Americanization, despite the rather unfortunate title and the occasional lapses to conform to title, is this book primarily arresting. It is a remarkable sketch indeed of contacts between diverse cultures, but it is not alone an ethnological sketch; it is a picture of the life of the spirit, it is literature. In its ironic restraint and subtle interpretation the book is unsurpassed, it seems to me, in the literary art of this country.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

The Painted Devil of Politics

THE UNITED STATES AND PANGERMANIA. By André Chéradame. (Scribner; \$1.00.)

M. Chéradame is an ingenious gentleman who has spent some twenty years of his life elaborately proving a plot which everyone knew existed beforehand; namely, the Berlin to Bagdad railroad scheme of the German imperialists. In fact the "plot" was so fully known in England before the war that the English government had come to a written agreement with the German government concerning a division of capitalization in the project. This agreement had been sanctioned by the diplomatic representatives of both powers and awaited only the formal approval of their respective governments. Yet M. Chéradame did a useful service in pointing out the dangerous political ambitions involved in this seemingly innocent commercial enterprise. He discovered Pangermanism and he labored to make others see its menace. Unquestionably it would have been of immense value to the Allied nations if they had given more heed to M. Chéradame's warning and admonitions before the war began.

Today, however, the value of his advice is extremely questionable.

Why? Because the basic presumption of M. Chéradame—that the Pangerman plot has been largely accomplished—is in fact a false presumption. Furthermore, in so far as Pangermany does exist today, it is, paradoxically enough, an asset to the Allies rather than an asset to Germany as such. Mittel-Europa is not so much an accomplished fact for Prussian militarism as a precarious adventure already bristling with difficulties and likely to collapse totally on the resumption of peace. And as to Pangermanism outside Mittel-Europa—well, ask the Hamburg exporter, ask the Berlin business man, ask the Munich manufacturer for Argentine how much of that Pangermania exists today. Not even M. Chéradame pretends any longer that there is serious danger from German influence beyond the seas. He still clings, however, to his idea of Middle Europe, and he never tires of—to quote President Wilson's phrase—"From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the net is spread."

Now what warrant has anyone for saying that Mittel-Europa, in M. Chéradame's sense, is by no means an accomplished fact? First of all, let us look at the map to which he himself so frequently refers us; just where is the British line today in Palestine? Is it this side of Bagdad, or is it on the Turkish side? In fact, was Bagdad not in the possession of the British for many weeks, even before President Wilson gave his Flag Day speech? Second, what of the famous reorganization which the German general staff was to effect in the Turkish army? Has M. Chéradame read General Allenby's recent report that over 160,000 Turkish troops have deserted within the last few months? The Persian Gulf, except as an object of desire, hardly enters into the calculations of even the most extreme Pangermans when confronted with the realities of today. Mesopotamia seems definitely lost to German influence. So much for the war map.

And how about the vassal states—Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey—which, according to M. Chéradame, are willing accomplices in the German plot because of military and financial obligations to Prussia? Does M. Chéradame recall Arthur Balfour's recent statement in the House of Commons that, whatever the outcome of the war in other respects, it was the object of the English government to see that it resulted in a "strong" Bulgaria? Could even this obsessed author contend today that Turkey is blissfully

happy in her alliance? Yet it is true that chief consideration revolves after all around Austria-Hungary. As long as the Dual Monarchy follows the leading strings of Berlin, the peril which M. Chéradame pictures will be more or less a reality. It is a pertinent question, however, just to what extent Austria-Hungary is a vassal of Germany, and if she is, how long she is likely to remain so. Certainly she is not a vassal in an economic sense, even after nearly four years of war. Professor Naumann's plea for a better understanding between Germany and Austria was after all a plea. The great customs union has not yet come into existence, even under moral isolation, economic blockade, and close military interdependence. If the economic alliances which are to make Mittel-Europa a reality cannot be put through under such stress, then in the name of common sense how can one reasonably expect them to be put through when that pressure is removed? Consider Hungary, for example: not once during this war has Hungary furnished an ounce of bread or other foodstuffs to Germany, or even to Austria, her own neighbor, except for a definite quid pro quo. Or read carefully this dispatch:

"When the Brest-Litovsk developments made it less likely that the German military leaders could carry out undisturbed the program of absorbing Lithuania and Courland, Germany apparently began pressing Austria for this grant of commercial concessions. At the same time it appears that this grant began to lose its attractiveness for Austria. Both Vienna and Budapest began to put obstacles in the way of a commercial settlement." (Chicago "Daily News," January 22, 1918, page 2.)

For a vassal, Austria-Hungary seems to have an embarrassing amount of individual spirit.

We need to regard the larger outlines of the relations between Austria-Hungary and Germany. As long as Russia existed as a unified militaristic nation controlled by an irresponsible autocracy, Austria-Hungary could feel, perhaps with some justification, that there was a Panslavic menace. Of course German militarism, while outwardly bemoaning the existence of this menace, secretly was thankful for it, if, indeed, the Junkers did not encourage it. It gave her an opponent against whom she could claim the legitimate right to arm. But the whole political complexion of southeastern Europe has undergone a radical transformation since the Russian revolution. That worst bugaboo of European politics, the Panslavic menace, has vanished. Austria-Hungary, who allied herself with Germany for protection against Russia, has now no reason for that unpleasant

defensive alliance. Unpleasant? Well, it would be difficult anywhere in the world to find more cordial hatred of Prussian militarism today than exists in the Dual Monarchy. If the Allies really wish to embarrass Germany, they could play no worse trick upon her than by making her an open gift of Mittel-Europa. After the experience of this present war, it is no paradox to state that Germany may find many of her former allies more embarrassing to any policy of commercial expansion than her former enemies. As with all industrial nations, Germany's future depends upon her ability to take her place in the international organization of world trade—a place which she so frivolously threw away when she started on her great imperial adventure. Against this *real* place in the sun the sullen resentment of Austria-Hungary at the suffering she has gone through will act for many years as a definite barrier. Indeed, at no time in recent modern history has the outlook for Pangermany, in any effective sense, been so black.

Why, then, does M. Chéradame insist on painting Germany's prospects for the accomplishment of this desire in such rosy colors? Primarily, because he is afraid of what he calls the "drawn game," or a negotiated peace. Anything short of that will of course be but a respite and breathing space before the next attack. So sure of this is M. Chéradame that he states that nothing would be so agreeable to the Prussian militarists as a peace "without annexations and without indemnities." This sort of peace is, according to him, nothing but a German "plot." Yet it would be easier to believe M. Chéradame if the German militarists had in fact showed alacrity in accepting the Russian formula in all its implications. What is the homely, unromantic truth? They appear to regard it as a defeat, and they have not hesitated to say so. Russia offered them the chance to accept this formula; yet they were so crude in their practical rejection of it that even the Bolsheviki lost their temper. Who would deny today that Germany is split in two in a political fight between the annexationists and the no-annexationists—a real fight, not a sham one? But this is very curious. If, as M. Chéradame would have us believe, Germany would give us even Alsace-Lorraine for the sake of retaining Middle Europe, why this sudden reluctance of the Pangermanists even to come within reasonable distance of the minimum demands of the Allies for restitution? According to M. Chéradame's view, Middle Europe is such a prize that they would

jump at the chance of abandoning their "map" of conquests to retain this jewel. Somehow, however, the facts appear to be otherwise. The Pangermans cling desperately to the jewels of conquered land and say very little about Berlin to Bagdad. The truth is, of course, that the German imperialists realize that Middle Europe is only a painted devil wherewith to frighten the Allies. They themselves are quite aware of its difficulties, its lack of permanent value and its meagre compensation for what they cynically term "sacrifice of the people." They know only too well that the average German citizen will not regard a very problematical winning of a road to the Near East as a victory of German arms in this war. They know that Middle Europe is crumbling beneath their fingers. The war has utterly changed its character since 1914—and they know it. M. Chéradame still cherishes a belief which, whatever its validity even as late as a year ago, has by this time entered the stage of legend. If Germany knows this and acts on it, American public opinion will lose its intelligent driving force if it is lured by such specious and clever writing as M. Chéradame's to linger in the dark ages of ante-bellum "balance of power" concepts. It is high time for intelligent optimism on that bugaboo, Pangermania. . . . "Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils. I am past such needless palsy."

HAROLD STEARNS.

New Curiosity Shop—and a Poet

OTHERS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE NEW VERSE. 1917. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. (Knopf; \$1.25.)

THE CLOSED DOOR. By Jean de Bosschere. Translated by F. S. Flint. With an introduction by May Sinclair. (Lane; \$1.25.)

Who it was that started the current poetic fad for curio-collecting is a question not hard to answer: Ezra Pound is the man, let the Imagists and others deny it as loudly as they will. Pound has from the outset, both as poet and as critic, been a curio-collector—a lover of trinkets, *bijoux* of phrase, ideographic *objets de vertu*, carved oddities from the pawn-shops of the past, aromatic grave-relics, bizarre importations from the Remote and Strange. There is no denying, either, that it is a delightful vein in verse. No great exertion is demanded of the reader; he is invited merely to pause before the display-window and to glance, if only for a moment, at the many intriguing minutiae there ar-

ranged for him in trays. Is he tired of struggling with the toxic energies of a Rodin? Then let him rest in contemplation of a carved ushabti. Does a Strauss drag his spirit through too violent a progression of emotional projections? Does a Masters overburden him with relevant facts? A Fletcher fatigue him with aesthetic subtleties prolonged? Let him concentrate on a gargoye.

This method in the writing of poetry is to be seen at its purest in the Others anthologies, the second of which Mr. Alfred Kreymborg has now edited, apparently undeterred by the success of the first. Nevertheless it is a variegated band that Mr. Kreymborg has assembled, and if they have in common the one main tenet—that their poetic business is the expression of a sensation or mood as briefly and pungently (and oddly?) as possible, with or without the aids of rhyme, metre, syntax, or punctuation—they are by no means the slaves of a formula and present us with a variety that is amazing. There is much here, of course, that is merely trivial, and a measurable quantity of the proudly absurd and naively preposterous; but if there are no such outstandingly good things here as "The Portrait of a Lady" by T. S. Eliot in the earlier issue, or Wallace Stevens's "Peter Quince at the Clavier," or John Rodker's "Marionettes," we can pass lightly over the studiously cerebral obscurantism of Marianne Moore, the tentacular quiverings of Mina Loy, the prattling iterations of Alfred Kreymborg, the delicate but amorphous self-consciousness of Jeanne d'Orge, Helen Hoyt, and Orrick Johns, and pause with admiration and delight before the "Preludes" and "Rhapsody of a Windy Night" by T. S. Eliot, and "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Black-bird" by Wallace Stevens. It is not that one is at all indifferent to the frequent charm and delicious originality (at least as regards sensibility) of the other poets, but that one finds in the two last mentioned not only this delicate originality of mind but also a clearer sense of symmetry as regards both form and ideas: their poems are more apparently, and more really, works of art. In comparison, most of the other work in this volume looks like happy improvisation. It is significant in this connection that Mr. Eliot uses rhyme and metre, a telling demonstration that the use of these ingredients may add power and finish and speed to poetry without in any way dulling the poet's tactile organs or clouding his

consciousness—provided he has the requisite skill. Mr. Eliot's "Preludes" and "Rhapsody" are, in a very minor way, masterpieces of black-and-white impressionism. Personality, time, and environment—three attributes of the dramatic—are set sharply before us by means of a rapid and concise report of the seemingly irrelevant and tangential, but really centrally significant, observations of a shadowy protagonist.

From Mr. Eliot to M. Jean de Bosschere, the Flemish poet whose volume "The Closed Door" has now been translated into English by Mr. F. S. Flint, is a natural and easy step. It would appear, indeed, that Mr. Eliot has learned much from M. de Bosschere; certainly he is, in English, the closest parallel to him that we have. It is a kind of praise to say that in all likelihood Mr. Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" would not have been the remarkable thing it is if it had not been for the work of Jean de Bosschere: in several respects de Bosschere seems like a maturer and more powerful Eliot. What then is the work of M. de Bosschere?

To begin with, and without regard to the matter of classification, it must be emphatically said that this book has the clear, unforced, and captivating originality of genius. Whether, as Miss Sinclair questions doubtfully in her introduction, we call him mystic or symbolist or decadent—and all these terms have a certain aptness—is after all a secondary matter. These poems, in a colloquial but rich and careful free verse, occasionally using rhyme and a regular ictus, very frequently employing a melodic line which borders on the prosodic, seem at first glance to be half-whimsical and half-cerebral, seem to be in a key which is at once naïf and gayly precious, with overtones of caricature; in reality they are masterpieces of ironic understatement and reveal upon closer scrutiny a series of profound spiritual or mental tragedies. The method of M. de Bosschere might be called symbolism if one were careful not to impute to him any delving into the esoteric; his themes are invariably very simple. One might call him a mystic, also, if one could conceive a negative mysticism of disbelief and disenchantment, a mysticism without vagueness, a mysticism of brilliantly colored but unsustaining certainties. But perhaps it would be more exact to say that he is merely a poet who happens to be highly developed on the cerebral side, as well as on the tactile, a poet for whom the most terrible and most

beautiful realities are in the last analysis ideas, who sees that as in life the most vivid expression of ideas is in action, so in speech the most vivid expression of them is in parables. These poems, therefore, are parables. In "Ulysse Bâtit Son Lit" we do not encounter merely the deliciously and fantastically matter-of-fact comedy, naïf as a fairy story, which appears on the surface; we also hear in the midst of this gay cynicism the muffled crash of a remote disaster, and that disaster arises from the attitude of the animally selfish crowd towards the man of outstanding achievement. He refuses to be one of them, so they kill him. "They roast Ulysses, for he is theirs." Likewise, in "Gridale," we do not witness a merely personal tragedy; the tragedy is universal. We see the crucifixion of the disillusioned questioner by the unthinking idolaters. In "Doutes," under a surface apparently idiosyncratic in its narration of the humorously bitter discoveries and self-discoveries of a child, we have really an autobiography of disillusionment which is cosmic in its applicability.

And yet he still believes,
This burlesque of a man
Who has given himself a universe
And a god like an immense conflagration
Whose smoke he smells;
And indeed it is perhaps only a bonfire
Made with the green tops of potatoes.

Nevertheless he still believes,
Axe in hand, this burlesque of a man still believes;
He will cut his dream, four-square, in the hearts of
men.

There is nothing to laugh at, nothing to object to,
We are not animals
Living to feed our seed.
There is something to believe.
All men are not made of pig's flesh.
There is something to believe.

Who said that I am a poor wretch,
Mere flotsam
Separated from its imaginary god?

Again, in "Homer Marsh," we make the acquaintance of the gentle recluse who loves and is loved by his house, his fire, his kettle, his pipe and tobacco, his dog, his bees; but he goes away to travel, and lends his house to his friend Peter; and on his return finds to his bewilderment and despair that all these beloved things have curiously turned their affections to Peter. The tone is lyric, seductively playful and simple; the overtone is tragic. It is a translation into action of the profound fact that ideas, no matter how personal, cannot be property; that they are as precious and peculiar and inevitable in

one case as in another, a natural action of forces universally at work.

It would be rash, however, to carry too far this notion of parables. Some of the poems in "The Closed Door" are so sensitively subjective, so essentially lyrical, so (confound the word!) naturally mystic—in the sense that they make a clear melody of the sadness of the finite in the presence of the infinite, of the conscious in the presence of the unconscious—that one shrinks from dropping such a chain upon them. All one can say is that they are beautiful, that for all their cool and precise and colloquial preciosity, their sophisticated primitivism, they conceal an emotional power that is frightful, not to say heartrending. What is the secret of this amazing magic? It is not verbal merely, nor rhythmic; for it remains in translation. It springs from the ideas themselves: it is a playing of ideas against one another like notes in a harmony, ideas presented always visually, cool images in a kind of solitude. It is not that M. de Boscshere is idiosyncratic in what he does, that he sees qualities that others do not see; but rather that he combines them unexpectedly, that he felicitously marries the lyrical to the matter-of-fact, the sad to the ironic, the innocent to the secular—the tender to the outrageous. He sees that truth is subtler than it is supposed to be, and he finds new images for it, images with the dew of truth still on them. If novelty sometimes contributes to the freshness of the effect, it is by no means novelty alone: these novelties have meanings, unlike many of those factitiously achieved by some members of the Others group. This is a poet whose quaintness and whim and fantasy are always thought-wrinkled: they are hints of a world which the poet has found to be overwhelming in its complexity. Song is broken in upon by a doubting voice; flowers conceal a pit; pleasure serves a perhaps vile purpose; beauty may not be a delusion, but is it a snare? And what do thought and memory lead to? . . . Nevertheless he still believes, Axe in hand, this burlesque of a man still believes. . . Axe in hand! It is precisely such bizarre but significant imaginings that constitute the charm of this poet. And it is a part of his genius that, although hyperæsthetic, he is able to keep clearly in mind the objective value of such images, and to contrast them deliciously with the sentimental, or the decorative, or the impassioned.

CONRAD AIKEN.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROMANOFFS. By Joseph McCabe. Dodd, Mead; \$2.

Evidently it is not without ironical implications that Mr. McCabe entitles his tale of tyranny and bloodshed, of licentiousness and intrigue, of sordid greed and revolting cruelty, a "romance." "To any who find romance," he says in his preface, "in such behavior as kings and nobles were permitted to flaunt in the eyes of their people in earlier ages the story of the Romanoffs must be exceptionally attractive." Being the story of a dynasty, not the chronicle of an empire, the narrative concerns itself largely with the personal peculiarities, the greater or lesser degrees of depravity, the pet foibles and dominant vices, historical or legendary, of the Peters and Catherines, the Ivans and Elizabeths, of the Romanoff line. And a most wondrous wicked lot they show themselves to have been. The last of them is made by this writer to outdo, voluntarily or involuntarily, even the most conscienceless of the tyrants that had preceded him on the Russian throne; for "his reign was disgraced by a more bloody and cruel coercion than had reddened the reign of any of his predecessors." But it was, of course, weakness of character rather than viciousness of disposition that must be blamed for the crimes of Nicholas the Second's reign. He never could have conceived the horrible exploits, such as soaking his adversaries in brandy and setting them afire, that gave to Ivan the Terrible his unique fame. Mr. McCabe's book would be more useful, and the story of the Romanoffs could be followed more easily and intelligently, if he had appended a family tree of this not too familiar line of monarchs, or if he had even given a chronological list of the Romanoff czars.

ASGARD AND THE GODS. Adapted from the work of Dr. W. Wagner by M. W. MacDowall and edited by W. S. W. Anson. Dutton; \$2.

EPICS AND ROMANCES OF THE MIDDLE AGES. Adapted from the work of Dr. W. Wagner by M. W. MacDowall and edited by W. S. W. Anson. Dutton; \$2.

In 1880 there was published under the title of "Asgard and the Gods" an adaptation from the work of Dr. Wagner intended to supply a need not previously met—the need for "a complete and popular English account of the religious beliefs and superstitious customs of the old Norsemen, suited to our younger readers." Two years later, when the second edition of this volume was brought out, the decision was made that it should be supplemented by a volume devoted

to the legendary lore of our northern ancestors. The new volume bore the title "Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages." Both works are now republished. They are accompanied by numerous illustrations which, though of scant artistic merit, will entice youthful readers.

The first volume gives in more detail than is found in ordinary handbooks of mythology the stories that connect themselves with Odin, Loki, Thor, Freya, Baldur, the Norns, the Valkyries, Fenris the Wolf, the Midgard Serpent, the tree Yggdrasil, and the other wonders and wonderful figures of those stanch and primitive times. These conceptions Wagner philosophized in a way that sometimes seems arbitrary, but that the conceptions themselves have been written into the life of our people may be seen from the derivation of the names for our days of the week and from both the name and much of the spirit of our Easter. The second volume consists of a retelling in prose of the great northern hero lays, supplemented by the French Carolingian and the British Arthurian cycles. It does not always adhere meticulously to the details of the epic accounts, but it catches their spirit admirably and is true to their broader facts. In short, the two volumes bring alive for us the pristine era of robust heroism, and even after the lapse of thirty-five years constitute for us "a fairly complete treatment of the mythical and traditional lore of the Germanic race."

RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO. By Miguel de Cervantes. Translated, with an introduction and notes, by Mariano J. Lorente. With a preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Four Seas; \$1.50.

It is extremely interesting to read Cervantes' "exemplary" tale of Spanish thieves in an unacademic and spirited English translation by a countryman of the great novelist. The thief is an exciting figure in literature as in life, but comparatively little has been written of his organizations—his despotisms and hierarchies (for thieving seems to preclude democracy)—and this old Spanish classic has an almost contemporary interest in its social satire. "The little masterpiece," writes Cunninghame Graham, in a preface which graces the new translation, "gives perhaps the best sketch of Spanish low life which has come down to us. . . The meeting of the two vagrant boys, their entering into the confraternity of thieves, with the picture of the house in which dwelt Monipodio, the arch-thief of Seville, all are touched in as only Cervantes could touch in such scenes. He uses but few words and yet in the short sketch there are a dozen portraits which once read are as indelible in the mind's eye as is a picture of El Greco."

About half the present volume is devoted to illuminating notes and introductions, for beside Cunninghamham Graham's preface there is Cervantes' prologue, containing the writer's full-length lovable portrait of himself, and a long introduction by the translator, bristling with controversial points. Cervantes and Cunninghamham Graham wrote genially, for they had not read Mr. Lorente's introduction, and they were not concerned with translators. Mr. Graham, in fact, does not seem to care how often or how ill "Rinconete and Cortadillo" has been done into English. "An idiomatic translation of a classic is never out of season," he remarks tolerantly, "and there are intricacies of the Spanish tongue hard to present."

Mr. Lorente, on the contrary, has a cudgel in hand for all previous translators, attacking them one at a time and chronologically. He leaves very little of their pretensions to accuracy or excellence. Finally, he informs us that it was the "mediocrity" of Norman McCall's version, made intolerable by Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "fantastic praise," which moved him to attempt something more worthy of the original. Mr. Lorente does not claim infallibility, only superior accuracy, for his "Rinconete and Cortadillo." It is certainly very human and lively.

"I know one is not always in the churches," wrote Cervantes, "nor is one always occupied with business . . . there are hours of recreation in which the afflicted spirit rests." "Rinconete and Cortadillo" was written for just such hours.

A PRIEST OF THE IDEAL. By Stephen Graham. Macmillan; \$1.50.

What Stephen Graham calls a "novel" will probably, so limited are our definitions, appear to the average reader anything but a novel. "A Priest of the Ideal" is in the fullest sense—the Russian sense and the spiritual sense—a novel. It has been said that Mr. Wells is the thermometer of current opinion. It was said in praise. Mr. Graham is, rather, barometric; he does not tell us what we already know (and consequently love to hear well said); he interprets for us the unseen values of the age, and predicts the coming changes. He makes vivid the relation of permanent and of transitory elements in the national fabric; he makes us pause in our unthinking acceptance of modern organized life; he points out the things that England is proud of in her past and by implication the things that she could very well do without today. It is always the "unseen significance" which is the most significant, only the "not for sale" which is imperishable. But it is true that this quality may rest disregarded until someone asks its material value in order to deprive us of it. It

was not until Washington King, the rich American, began his altruistic mission of exporting unnecessary English ruins for the spiritual enrichment of his native country, that England looked upon them with seeing eyes. King's fruitless quest is Mr. Graham's concrete expression for the ideal that his lay priest, Richard Hampden, preached. His self-imposed mission was the illumination of the pages of history by mystic and individual interpretation. Where the present was concerned, his power came through his reliance upon—hence his appeal to—the individual.

"Dedicate your life to men and women, to personal relationships. You will find that the causes look after themselves," said Hampden. "Causes always disappoint, human beings seldom disappoint."

In Mr. Graham, there is a voice as fearless if not as exceptional as Tolstoy's. His book is, in fact, a review of England through Russian eyes, in Russian terms. Though it is formless in the formalistic sense, yet it possesses the most enduring form of all: it transfers its message into the fabric of human imagination and memory. Mr. Graham makes the reader cooperate in the writing of his book. The author serves, that is, to suggest, to point here and there, as might the perfect guide, and to illustrate his meaning through his characters, who are not, we must admit, vividly real. It is the reader's work to follow the road thus suggested—rather, perhaps, to make his own path. There is no hard brilliance here, no cleverness, no mere reflection of the current temperature, but a very genuine, if over-sober, consideration of the problems confronting modern England.

MILITARISM. By Karl Liebknecht. Huebsch; \$1.

Liebknecht's resistance to Prussianism has stimulated an unusual interest in his book, "Militarism," written ten years ago and now translated into English. It is but fair to Liebknecht, however, to point out that his present opposition to German militarism is not based upon the conviction that the cause of the allies is just. His attitude is a consistent application of views expressed in 1907. He is an international socialist of the Marxian school.

Militarism, for Liebknecht, is a phenomenon, "deeply rooted in the very nature of societies divided in classes," which assumes various shapes "in societies of equal structure, all according to the physical, political, social, and economic conditions of states and territories." At all times it is designed to perpetuate the control of capitalism. It does this in two ways: (1) it serves as an instrument of aggression or protection with reference to foreign nations; (2) it is a "pillar

of capitalism and all reactionary forces in the war of liberation engaged in by the working classes."

The standing army, navalism, and the colonial army are means of serving the first purpose. England, Germany, and the United States have each utilized the colonial army to drive "the miserable natives to slave in the bagnios for capitalism, and to shoot and cut them down and starve them without pity whenever they attempt to protect their country against foreign conquerors and extortioners." Liebknecht sees nothing but injury to the proletariat in this function of militarism. He believes it perpetuates a ruthless system of capitalistic exploitation of the masses and leads to international complications which imperil the existence of civilization. He would point to the war as a tragic verification of his words written ten years ago. The duty of the worker is clear. "There is only one real enemy of the proletariat of every country—the capitalist class which oppresses and exploits the proletariat"; "the international coalition of exploiters and oppressors must be opposed by the international coalition of the exploited and oppressed."

In confirmation of his statement that the second function of militarism is to protect capitalism within the nation, Liebknecht describes the army organization of the European nations and the United States. He particularly condemns the organization of the Belgian civic guard and the employment of gunmen by American capitalists. While not strictly a part of the American military organization, these private armies are permitted to exist under state laws and thus directly assist the capitalist in his war against labor. Liebknecht maintains that in all countries the police and the military forces stand ready in an emergency "to preserve order," while in Germany, Hungary, Roumania, and even France soldiers have been used as strike breakers.

The chapter "Means and Effects of Militarism" discusses the methods of education which create a military spirit in the army and the people. Here Liebknecht deals primarily with the Prussian system of military education. The last chapter presents what he believes to be the fundamental contradictions in militarism which, in obedience to Hegelian dialectical development, will lead to its ultimate destruction. He does not plead for an international organization which shall regulate international competition and thus control, if not abolish, militarism. "Militarism," he writes, "is one of the original sins of capitalism which may be susceptible of being mitigated here and there, but of which it will be purged only in the purgatory of Socialism."

PAIN AND PLEASURE. By Henry T. Moore. Moffat, Yard; \$1.25.

This volume, which is the second in a series of ten devoted to the senses, surveys a field of peculiar interest. In general, the sensations on the basis of which we lead the mental life are divided between the special senses, which bring us, for the most part, the things from without, and the organic senses, contributing to the same end within; but mingled with these, and overlapping them, are the general feelings of pain and pleasure for which the sensory life so plainly stands. The contrast between the epicurean, who lives in the pleasures of sense, and the stoic, who cultivates an indifference, as well as the ascetic, who deliberately discards every comfort and satisfaction, lies in the manner of acceptance of the parts of pain and pleasure. The physiology of this process has only recently been intelligible, though the peculiar rôle of pain in the diagnosis of disease has always been recognized. Beginning at this level, pleasures rise rapidly to the æsthetic field, and beyond that there is always a penumbra of moral value. It is this field that Professor Moore surveys in a popular and systematic fashion.

THE SENSE OF SIGHT. By Frank N. Spindler. Moffat, Yard; \$1.25.

This, the third volume in the series on the senses edited by Dr. George Dearborn, is in many ways the most important of the ten volumes which together are to survey the field of sensation. Sight is rightly called the queen of the senses, and the scope and direct prominence of its contributions are unassailed. So far as bare requirements go, the volume considers acceptably the structure of the eye, the mode of its functioning, the character of the sensations which it brings, and something about the bearing of vision in the general mental field. It rarely rises above this meagre adequacy; and it is in a measure unfortunate that so important a subject fails of any distinctive handling. The presentation is rather casual: the high points in the field of vision are covered, but the opportunity of such a volume has hardly been met. The arrangement of the chapters is admirable, passing rapidly from the study of process to the interpretation of the work of sight as we see it, then to the effect of our eye-mindedness upon our general psychology, including our emotional nature. A practical chapter on the character of vision is added. It takes more, however, than a proper plan and an acquaintance with the data to bring to the reader an appreciation of the marvelous sense of vision and the manner in which the eye makes the mind.

NOTES ON NEW FICTION

Even war, as certain harassed officials at Washington might be willing to testify, cannot engulf the "woman question." The roots of that question are too deep in the foundations of things to be swept away, as less relevant issues are swept away, by the current that seems, sometimes, to be undermining life. War has proved woman's ability to bear her share of the burdens of society and has thus substantiated her claim to be considered as an individual entitled, under her own right, to the privileges of society that her male protectors, acting vicariously, formerly enjoyed for her. There are however—beyond doubt, for the Congressional Record reveals them—certain purblind people who are unable to read the clear proof that the hour of woman's emancipation has arrived. It was for them, doubtless, that "The Sturdy Oak" (Holt; \$1.40) was assembled.

"The Sturdy Oak" is, so to speak, an all-star novel, written by fourteen leading American authors, each of whom—after the fashion of the old game of capping verses—furnished a single chapter. Though it is obviously a tour de force, it turns out to be no worse, if no better, than dozens of novels set adrift by the publishers each season. However, the personnel of its authors—Mary Austin, Henry Kittell Webster, Kathleen Norris, Dorothy Canfield, Samuel Merwin, Alice Duer Miller, Harry Leon Wilson, Fannie Hurst, Marjorie Benton Cooke, Leroy Scott, William Allen White, Mary Heaton Vorse, Ethel Watts Mumford, and Anne O'Hagan—fortunately releases one from any obligation to regard "The Sturdy Oak" from the point of view of literary criticism; for there is probably not a writer on the list who would advance any claim to literary merit for the book as a whole or for his share in it.

"The Sturdy Oak" is propaganda pure and simple, dedicated to the cause of suffrage. Its writers have received no recompense; its publishers expect no profits; the entire proceeds from its sale are to be devoted to the achievement of votes for women. The prospect of getting fourteen leading authors for the price of one should entice the public into making the propaganda profitable from a pecuniary point of view. Assuming that only the unintelligent are left in the ranks of the unbelievers, it may prove to be popular also from the point of view of morale.

As a presentation of the "woman question," of which suffrage of course is only a phase, "The Sturdy Oak" is absurd, even though it advances all the stock pros and demolishes all the stock cons. It is made to seem the more absurd by comparison with the new edition of "A Woman

of Genius" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50) by Mary Austin, the writer of Chapter XIII of "The Sturdy Oak" and the builder of its plot. "A Woman of Genius" hammers at the very underpinnings of the false social structure that makes a woman question possible. It is a passionate protest against the conditions that keep women from being persons, and at the same time it is a decidedly creditable piece of work. It is the kind of propaganda that will succeed with intelligent people, for the simple reason that it is not propaganda at all. Sound advice to the reading public would be: Buy "The Sturdy Oak" for the sake of the cause and read "A Woman of Genius" to find out what it is all about.

In "Missing" (Dodd, Mead; \$1.50) Mrs. Humphry Ward tells the story of a pretty, clinging Englishwoman, who learns through the war's hard lesson the essential dishonesty of clinging. Work brings her spiritual freedom, as it has brought spiritual freedom to hundreds of women since the beginning of the war. "Missing" might be a contribution to the contemporary literature about woman, as vital in its way as "A Woman of Genius," but, like most of Mrs. Ward's work, it lacks reality. It is a cleverly staged, well-managed drama of the Pinero type. You look on, are interested, entertained, but never for a moment carried away. It is all a play. It might have happened, you are willing to admit, but that these very clever ladies and gentlemen are living it, not acting it—that is too great a demand upon your credulity. Mrs. Ward can produce polished drama; but she cannot reproduce life.

"The Four Corners of the World" hold a number of bizarre things such as A. E. W. Mason, the author of a collection of stories by that name, loves to describe. (Scribner's; \$1.50.) From an intriguing robbery at the Semiramis Hotel in London his imagination flits to Gibraltar and the bomb plots of the miserable Peiffer; from the story of "Green Paint" in a Latin Republic, to murder and suicide in an English country house. But though his imagination has range and facility, it has little depth. He has been reading Freud, or perhaps a book review on Freud, and to the varied complexes of his personages he has brought his own excellent short story technique. They are very enjoyable, these stories; and if writers like Conrad, Thomas Burke, and H. G. Dwight had not projected into the short story a quality that gives it vitality and endurance, we should perhaps be fully content with the temporary satisfaction to be got from "The Four Corners." According to the standard created by these writers, Mr. Mason's work is flat. According to the standard of the average, it is most excellently good.

CASUAL COMMENT

IN HIS ANNUAL REPORT TO THE TRUSTEES OF COLUMBIA President Butler states that the academic society of which the teacher is a member owes him "protection from unfair attack, as well as from all avoidable hamperings and embarrassments in the prosecution of his intellectual work." Fair words! Yet they would somehow have a more genuine ring if Dr. Butler had ever attempted to protect Professor Charles A. Beard from the unfair attacks of the New York press when the notorious "flag incident" took place; if trustee inquisitions had never occurred at Columbia; if newspaper accounts of the activities of Professors Dana and Cattell had not been accepted at their face value. Dr. Butler must be an adept in casuistry to square his moral precepts with his recent conduct. Or is the phrase "academic freedom," like "freedom of speech," merely a verbal idol to be adored publicly by those who in private expend their efforts on its destruction? Probably Dr. Butler would defend himself by stressing the equivocal adjective "avoidable": in this case he could plead necessity and so lay claim to exemption from all the consequences of the phrase. Does not this, however, suggest a similar ingenuity exhibited by a recent Chancellor of Germany? Dr. Michaelis, it will be recalled, gracefully accepted the Reichstag resolution of July 19 respecting "no forcible annexations," and so on. That is, he accepted it verbally. But he repudiated it in fact by a light modifying clause—"as I interpret it." Thus do certain distinguished minds exhibit their basic identity of method.

. . .

A MELANCHOLY JACQUES WRITES US in ironical mood from "an Atlantic port." He says: "We here are in the dark, and the more numerous the news items become, the sabler grows the night which everywhere engulfs us. The news keeps arriving from the four corners of the earth: *Copenhagen*—Czar Nicholas escaped yesterday; *Stockholm*—Lenine is said to have been hanged by the Cossacks; *Rome*—A meeting has been arranged by persons interested in a separate peace between Turkey and the Vatican; *Zurich*—The Kaiser seemed deeply moved by the news that Russia was inclined to return her German prisoners. Such an act would markedly complicate the food-problem in Germany. . . . When I was a kid, I was passionately interested in the mysteries of the telegraph, that I saw only as little knobs and iron wires. I used to wonder how such a simple arrangement could send so far the important news entrusted to it. I used to stop on the road to listen to the music of the wind in the wires, and each time the mysterious

sound was repeated I used to tell myself, 'There goes a telegram.' After a bit I persuaded my playmates, finally myself, that I understood the messages in those sounds. I used to put my ear against the base of that science-grown tree, the telegraph pole, and announce the latest news: 'The chief of the secret police is ordering the arrest of a murderer. . . . A gentleman is telegraphing his wife that. . . . A general is ordering' Later I studied physics; and for a few months I was a journalist, young, naive, ardent, and I had new illusions about the rectitude of the telegraph. The war, my dear friend, has dissipated whatever remained of them. I now know that the telegraph is just what I knew it for in my small-boyhood. I know that the agencies of information employ scholars and poets who just seat themselves on the grass at the foot of telegraph poles and hearken to the song of the wind in the wires: '*Berlin*—Kaiser and Crown Prince have quarreled. The Kaiser smacked the Crown Prince; *New York*—A new explosive, of unprecedented power. . . .' O my friend, the season's greetings to you. And my best New Year's wish is that your serenity remain unshaken by the song of the wind in the telegraph wires."

. . .

IN THE DAYS BEFORE F. P. A. DESCENDED from his "Conning Tower" in the New York "Tribune" to take a hand in this war, he was wont to keep a sharp, but withal friendly, eye upon the editing of the "Bookman"—a fact recalled this month, with graceful acknowledgment, both by the editor of that magazine and by a distinguished contributor. "How we all miss him!" exclaims the contributor, William Lyon Phelps. And indeed the month's "Bookman" might be said to carry internal evidence of its loss. For a correspondent takes Miss Jessie Rittenhouse to task for having confused her pronouns in the preceding issue. Later we read that "'Richard Mahoney' will be called a different book to 'Maurice Guest.'" And then comes Mr. Phelps himself (a professor of English at Yale) mislaying a modifier: "One night, half-dead with fear, the giant crane swoops down upon him, clutches his bed, and swings him, bed and all, above the sleeping city, among the blazing stars." Professor Phelps is not reporting a thousand and second tale; the crane is not a fabulous bird, but a swinging arm of steel. The "Bookman's" correspondent added that "other examples could readily be cited, for our magazines are fairly bristling." As a matter of justice then, here are two dangling bristles plucked from other esteemed contemporaries: from a recent "Nation"—"Situated at an alti-

tude expected to provide an Alpine climate in summer, it is not strange that frozen pipes made it impossible to fight the flames"; and from the January "Atlantic"—"After wishing each other good-night and a Happy New Year, I climbed the dark, dirty stairway to the fourth floor." (And this last is not a case of the double personality that afflicts many New Yorkers on New Year's Eve.) . . . Such editorial phenomena, occurring in such high places, are something more than casual contributions to the gayety of "coliums"; they are symptomatic of a relaxing disorder in English speech. While the rhetoricians have been busy elaborating their quaint jargon of *faulty reference*, *solecism*, *misplaced modifier*, *cleft infinitive*, and *dangling participle*, the actual users of our tongue have somehow enjoyed increasing license to orphan pronouns, outrage idioms, jostle modifiers, cleave infinitives asunder, and hang participles to any incongruous peg. While the experts have employed themselves compiling manual after manual of misleading short-cuts to "correctness" and rules of thumb annulled by their exceptions, there has grown up without effective let a "magazine English" only less licentious and much more insidious than "newspaper English." Until the young student of the mother tongue, utterly bewildered by the intricacies of an hypothetical "correctness," remarks the gulf that stretches between the theory of the classroom and the practice of the world and wisely concludes that there is also a "Freshman English," which he must contrive to hoodwink in college and ignore after graduation. And indeed the silken English which is meticulously woven on the loom of rhetorical dogma bears as faint a resemblance to the homespun English which carries the day's thought, as the classical "correctness" of the rhetoricians bears to any pragmatic correctness implicit in everyday usage. No correctness, however, will help a writer very far: the important difficulties in composition are not matters of what is right or wrong, but of what is more or less effective, and more or less agreeable. Had the experts been writing current English instead of compiling outworn taboos, they might have guided a living technique, they might even have relieved editors from the thankless task of mooring derelict modifiers in manuscripts otherwise effective and agreeable. Lacking such practical guidance, however, and staggered by the complicated elegance of a "correctness" thrust at them in toto, young writers have caught the trick of evading stylistic issues. This habit of evasion is chiefly responsible for the disappearance of the subjunctive and the ascendancy of "would." It leads away from the clarity of technical assurance into a fog where participles hover without visible means of support.

EVERY RIGHT-THINKING MAN MUST HOPE that F. P. A. is only temporarily absent from his watchtower. Meanwhile B. L. T. remains to light the matutinal eye of him who runs and reads another "Tribune." And in his "Line o' Type or Two" B. L. T. sometimes performs for THE DIAL the sharp, but withal friendly, office that F. P. A. performed for the "Bookman." Nevertheless our faith in the Mentor's infallibility has been shaken. Not long since, Mr. Kenneth Macgowan used the word "panderer" in these columns and unexpectedly "made the Line," where it was announced that no such word exists. Even the Collegiate "Webster" is more hospitable; it not only admits "panderer" but with a magnificent impartiality opens the door to "panderess" as well.

. . .

THE WAR SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION has now a fund of a million and a half dollars for erecting library buildings at the camps, purchasing books, and meeting the expenses of administration and distribution. Thirty-four such libraries are built or building. In addition, three or four hundred branch libraries are reported as established in clubs, etc. The public has already donated more than a half million volumes for distribution, and the Service has bought a hundred thousand more, chiefly non-fiction. Indeed, one of the surprises in the work has been the demand for serious, and especially for technical, books and for all kinds of advanced reference material; the librarians have had to meet thousands of these special requests by purchase and inter-library borrowing. At Camp Sherman the record of issues on a recent Sunday showed 46 fiction as against 67 non-fiction. The former ran all the way from Mr. Henty to Lord Dunsany, from Mr. Chambers to H. G. Wells; the latter, from "Magicians' Tricks" to "How to Judge a Picture," and from the "Foolish Dictionary" to Henry George's "Law of Human Progress." But probably some 40 of the issues might legitimately be grouped as war books and as directly pertinent to the work in hand, the rest dividing between entertainment and general (or often very particular) information. Their library is to accompany these men to France, and the fact is arresting. Is the soldier's leisure, so long devoted to the romance of foraging for the day's necessities or the night's violent luxuries, now to be dedicate to the cultural pursuits of peace? Time was when no army was complete without its train of loot and camp followers; is the time coming when no army will be complete without its library, lecture room, concert hall, and art gallery? Is the phrase "civilized warfare" to take on yet another overtone of irony?

BRIEFER MENTION

The avalanche of war literature increases. We are told a great deal these days about bombs and mud and cigarettes, and yet we continue to read about them with avidity. "Best o' Luck" by Alexander McClintock (Doran; \$1.) is a sort of technical primer of explosives and other weapons, their use and dangers, told naively in purest American. Mr. McClintock declined a lieutenancy in the Canadian Grenadier Guards, in which he had served as sergeant during some of the hardest fighting of the war, to enlist in the American army. "It's the army of Uncle Sam for mine," says Mr. McClintock, "It's up to us to save the issue where it's mostly right on one side and all wrong on the other—and I'm glad we're in." "The First Canadians in France" by Colonel F. McKelvey Bell (Doran; \$1.35) is a random set of reminiscences, a trifle wordy, but sincere, of the first Canadian hospital unit in France. It is another answer to the question, "What is it like, over there?"

Written in the form of a diary, Agnes Edwards's "A Garden Rosary" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25) is a record of her garden, which calls forth imagistic reactions and philosophical musings on the part of the author. The rush-and-tumble coming up of the tulips hastily "flung in at the last moment," she compares to women pulling on their gloves as they hurry down the street; the soullessness of the columbine, she likens to the same quality in a certain little Japanese manservant; the lily of the valley evokes reflections upon virginity. And so it happens that there is much in these pages which might find its way into free verse. It should be added that a genuine and delightful tenderness obtains throughout for the memory of the author's mother, to whom the "Rosary" is dedicated.

E. F. Borst-Smith's "Mandarin and Missionary in Cathay" (Dutton; \$1.75) is a "story of twelve years' strenuous missionary work during stirring times mainly spent in Yen-anfu, a prefectural city of Shensi, North China, with a review of its history from the earliest date." The writer was a pioneer in the district he describes, being the first English resident in North Shensi, while his wife was the first European woman ever seen there, and his little girl the first non-Chinese baby ever born there. Of this he assures us after a careful scrutiny of North Shensi annals for the past four thousand years and more. His twelve years' experience was evidently not lacking in variety, and it occasionally had its thrilling episodes. Life in a country undergoing the pains of transition from monarchy to republic is not likely to be without excitement, including the element of danger to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Thus the pages of this book offer rather more of varied interest than is commonly to be found in a missionary chronicle.

A series of experiments and observations on health control on estates and plantations in the tropics is presented in a lucid and pleasing manner in Dr. Watson's "Rural Sanitation in the Tropics" (Dutton). The author has had much practical

experience on rubber, tea, and rice plantations in the Straits Settlements, in the Federated Malay States, and in British Guiana, has visited Sumatra and Hongkong, and has made an exhaustive inquiry into the American methods and accomplishments in sanitation at Panama. Of especial interest to every American is the high tribute paid by the writer to work at Panama and to the men who have accomplished the conquest of disease in that infamous sink-hole of fever and death. He notes the singularly happy spirit in the Panama Sanitary Department, the spirit of coöperation, the *esprit de corps*, and regards it as one of the greatest privileges of his life that he saw the department at work. He urges the complete publication of the accumulated records of the work and of the investigations connected therewith, believing that "in these records we have observations and truths of infinite value to all tropical countries and that their publication in full would be a lasting benefit to mankind." Colonel Gorgas has done far more than assist in the construction of a great canal, "he has conducted a school of Applied Sanitation whose lesson will benefit the world—I say with confidence—for all time." Wherever large numbers of laborers are employed in the tropics, the appalling mortality of the past need not recur. The book deals mainly with the practical measures for the prevention of malaria and its extermination in isolated country districts under tropical conditions. The breadth of vision and penetrating criticism of the writer combine with his wide experience to make this work one of unusual suggestiveness and value to all who deal with problems of sanitation and preventive medicine.

In "A Green Tent in Flanders" (Doubleday, Page; \$1.25) Miss Maud Mortimer, an American nurse, describes her experiences in a hospital five miles back of the British line in Belgium. The story moves along with much spirit and no little humor; and it is entertaining, cheerful, human, and natural, like a clever woman's letters home. The wounded soldiers who pass under Miss Mortimer's care are portrayed with graphic, sympathetic touch, and the numerous anecdotes could only have been told by an acute observer with a sense for the picturesque. Altogether the book is pleasant company for an evening.

In "Green Trails and Upland Pastures" (Doubleday, Page; \$1.60) Walter Prichard Eaton shows once more that he can write with ease and first-hand knowledge of the whole outdoors, from maple seeds to the Grinnell Glacier, from song sparrows to sky lines. He talks of weather, trees, snow, stone walls, rural free delivery, gardening, wild flowers, bridges, and mountain peaks with impartial and quiet enthusiasm. His spirit is as much at home on the wind-swept heights of the Rockies as amid the soft contours of the Berkshires. But the shining merit of these nineteen essays is the fact that their author treats nature simply; there is little or none of the extravagant rhapsody and the tiresome homily that mar many "nature books," early and late.

In "The Hilltop on the Marne" Mildred Aldrich had something to say and said it well. In "On the Edge of the War Zone" (Small, Maynard; \$1.25) she appears to have nothing of much moment to write of and she only succeeds in being tiresome. One suspects that the success of the earlier work led to a call for more "copy," with an unhappy result. The hilltop is now back of the French line and little seems to happen there except as soldiers pass to and fro along the road. The days go by in comparative monotony, and the intimate details of household affairs fill up many weary pages. With so many interesting stories of war to be told one can only regret this long-drawn-out, gossipy chronicle of small happenings.

That Starr King, "Saint of the Pacific Coast," was a good deal more than a mere pulpit-pounder was long ago made clear, and is again demonstrated in Mr. William Day Simonds's study of that remarkable man's services to the Union and freedom—"Starr King in California" (Elder; \$1.25). A short opening chapter devoted to King's early life in New England is followed by two longer ones on California in the early sixties and King's part in helping to turn that state to the side of the North in those critical times; then comes a review of his work as philanthropist and preacher, and finally a brief retrospect of his career as a whole. Contemporary sources of information have been diligently sought out and judiciously drawn upon, a few of King's old friends and acquaintances being still alive to contribute their testimony and reminiscences. The book is a scholarly and conclusive estimate of the part played by the great preacher and orator in saving his adoptive state from joining the Confederacy or, perhaps, from proclaiming a Pacific republic of its own.

COMMUNICATIONS

"LA MALQUERIDA"

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Reading Mr. Padraic Colum's review of Mr. Underhill's translation of Benavente's plays, I was struck by the justness of the criticism of "La Malquerida," which Mr. Colum declares "... has distinction by reason of a strange reserve that goes through it all." I have heard "La Malquerida" acted in Spanish and I have heard Mimi Agulia in "La Lupa," and as the plots are very much alike I can, I believe, contrast "fury out-topping fury" with the "strange reserve" through which, Mr. Colum adds, "we are made to feel the gravity and the dignity of the Spanish character all through the play."

"La Malquerida" won phenomenal praise in Madrid, a well-known critic going so far as to declare that it is in line with the great tragedies of the Greek stage and dramas such as "Hamlet" and "Othello," and that as a national work it ranks with Calderon's "El Alcalde de Zalamea," with Lope de Vega's "La Fuente Ovejuna," and so on, and so on, *ad libitum*. But the author would certainly be more pleased to read Mr. Colum's

appreciation with its penetrating phrase about "the strange reserve" than to hear such meaningless and bombastic comparisons.

When Mr. Colum tells us of "La Malquerida" I regret that he does not mention the scene between the husband and the outraged wife, for it is inseparable from one's memory of the play as an unequalled example of the conflict of simultaneous emotions. The wife, raging at her husband as she gives him a glass of water, is angry to the point of cursing the water, that it may poison him, and yet at the moment he is to gulp it down, her habit of wifely solicitude gets the better of her and she warns him not to drink while he is hot and perspiring.

I agree with Mr. Colum that "La Malquerida" should be given a hearing on the American stage: aside from the value of the play itself, it would prepare the taste of the public for the Spanish theatre with its rich inheritance of fine plays.

J. GARCIA PIMENTEL.

New York.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY POE

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Students of Poe may be interested to learn that a file of the "Baltimore Saturday Visitor" for 1833, no copy of which was supposed by Poe editors to be in existence, has been preserved by descendants of the proprietors. I have been permitted to examine the volume and have found in it, besides interesting information about the prize contest which proved so momentous in the poet's literary life, a hitherto unpublished poem by Poe. I hope shortly to give some account of the "Visitor" and its relation to Poe. The poem is of such immediate interest that it seems desirable to make it available at once. It was printed in the issue of April 20, 1833, as follows:

SERENADE.—BY E. A. POE.

So sweet the hour, so calm the time,
I feel it more than half a crime,
When Nature sleeps and stars are mute,
To mar the silence ev'n with lute.
At rest on ocean's brilliant dies
An image of Elysium lies:
Seven Pleiades entranced in Heaven,
Form in the deep another seven:
Endymion nodding from above
Sees in the sea another love.
Within the valleys dim and brown,
And on the spectral mountain's crown,
The wearied light is dying down,
And earth, and stars, and sea, and sky
Are redolent of sleep, as I
Am redolent of thee and thine
Enthralling love, my Adeline.
But list, O list,—so soft and low
Thy lover's voice to night shall flow,
That scarce awake thy soul shall deem
My words the music of a dream.
Thus, while no single sound too rude,
Upon thy slumber shall intrude,
Our thoughts, our souls—O God above!
In every deed shall mingle, love.

JOHN C. FRENCH.

Johns Hopkins University.

NOTES AND NEWS

Laurence Binyon, who writes in this issue of *THE DIAL* about the effect of the war upon art, is an English poet and critic, the author of a dozen volumes of verse, who is perhaps best known to Americans by his drama "Attila." He won the Newdigate prize in 1890. Mr. Binyon is in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum and has been a frequent contributor to periodicals of the fine arts.

Elsie Clews Parsons, who contributes to this issue a refreshingly unconventional discussion of an immigrant's point of view, has long since made herself known to the public as an original and keen critic of social problems, and especially of the status of women. She is the author of "The Family," "Fear and Conventionality," "The Old Fashioned Woman," "Social Freedom," "Social Rule," and many magazine articles.

On January 17 the University of Chicago Press published "The Millennial Hope: A Phase of War-time Thinking," by Dr. Shirley Jackson Chase.

The Page Co. have just published a detective story by George Barton, "The Mystery of the Red Flame."

Harry Butters, a California boy who fell at the Somme and whose letters were recently issued by John Lane Co., was the great-grandson of Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The Macmillan Co. announces a new book by Edgar Lee Masters, "Toward the Gulf." Among their January publications were "Hill-Track," by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, and "Per Amica Silentia Lunae," by William Butler Yeats.

James Lane Allen has written a companion novel to "A Kentucky Cardinal" in "The Kentucky Warbler," a story of a boy's first awakening to nature. It was published last week by Doubleday, Page & Co.

In this month's Scribner issues are: "Credit of the Nations," by J. Laurence Laughlin of Chicago University; "The Desert: Further Studies in Natural Appearance," by John C. Van Dyke; and "American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship," by Sidney L. Gulick.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has announced that publication of the "Print Collector's Quarterly" must be suspended for the duration of the war. Houghton Mifflin Co. are preparing a cumulative index of the seven volumes that have been issued, 1911-1917.

An article on Coleridge as a great talker, by Coventry Patmore, which had not been reprinted since 1886, when it appeared anonymously, is included in a new volume in the Oxford Standard Authors (Oxford University Press) which will contain "Table Talk," "Omniana," and H. N. Coleridge's preface.

The following fiction was issued on January 12 by Dodd, Mead & Co.: "Nine Tales," by Hugh de Selincourt; "Under the Hermes," by Richard Dehan; and "South Wind," by Norman Douglas. On the same day they published a translation of Benjamin Vallotton's "Potterat and the War."

Harper & Brothers have lately printed for private distribution "The Harper Centennial: 1817-1917," an attractive volume containing a selection from the messages of congratulation received by them during their centennial year. The frontispiece is a facsimile of the title-page of the first book to bear the Harper imprint.

The Newark Public Library is making a collection of "journals and bulletins published by the soldiers at the front, also engravings and pictures and souvenirs of all kinds, letters from soldiers to their friends, and so on." The plan is to exhibit the collection in the library gallery with the purpose of making the war as real as possible to relatives and friends of departing American soldiers.

The January issue of "The Piper," the folder in which Houghton Mifflin Co. chat with prospective customers, promises that there will shortly appear the first number of a monthly brochure to be called "Pen Pricks from the Piper" and to be devoted to thumb nail descriptions of worthy books. It is primarily intended for "those who sell books," but upon application it will be sent free to the interested buyer or reader of books.

George H. Doran Co. have recently removed from 38 West 32nd Street, New York, to 244 Madison Avenue, at 38th Street, where they occupy the sixth floor of a new building at the top of Murray Hill. Among their recent publications connected with the war are: "Naval Power in the Great War," by Charles Clifford Gill; "The Great Crime and Its Moral," by J. Selden Willmore; "In Mesopotamia," by Martin Swayne; "The Brown Brethren," further studies of the London Irish in France, by Patrick MacGill; and "World Peace," a written debate between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan.

Before the Russian Revolution Leon Trotsky, now Foreign Minister in the Bolshevik government, wrote "The Bolsheviki and World Peace," which has just been published by Boni & Liveright.

A first prize of \$500 and a second prize of \$300 are offered by the Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society for manuscripts "of a religious character with a strong Christian motive. The manuscripts desired are a story for children, a story for young people, a story for adults, and a manuscript setting forth the necessity of the conservation of the moral and spiritual forces of our nation. Manuscripts of biographies and missionary achievements, also other manuscripts carrying a strong Christian message will be eligible." The manuscripts must be suitable for publication in book form, but must not exceed 75,000 words. In addition to the prizes, the customary book royalties will be paid the successful authors. Manuscripts which fail to receive prizes, but are accepted by the Committee, will be published upon a royalty basis by mutual agreement. The prize books will be published under the imprint of the Meridian Press and are to become the property of the Society. Manuscripts must be typewritten, on one side of the sheet, and must be received not later than May 15, 1918 by Rev. Judson Swift, D.D., General Secretary, Park Avenue and 40th Street, New York City.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[The following list, containing 117 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

FICTION.

- The U. F. Trail.** By Zane Grey. With frontispiece, 12mo, 409 pages. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
The Kentucky Warbler. By James Lane Allen. With frontispiece, 12mo, 195 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.
Just Outside. By Stacy Aumonier. With frontispiece, 12mo, 344 pages. The Century Co. \$1.35.
Comrades. By Mary Dillon. Illustrated, 12mo, 296 pages. The Century Co. \$1.40.
Teepee Neighbors. By Grace Coolidge. 12mo, 225 pages. Four Seas Co. \$1.50.
The Land Where the Sunsets Go. By Orville H. Leonard. 12mo, 209 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.35.
The Flamingo's Nest. By Roger Sprague. 12mo, 369 pages. Lederer, Street & Zeuss. Berkeley, Cal. \$1.35.
The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. Edited by Theodore C. Mitchell. With frontispiece, 16mo, 132 pages. The Macmillan Co. 25 cts.

WAR.

- The Commonwealth at War.** By A. F. Pollard. 8vo, 256 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25.
The Ways of War. By Prof. T. M. Kettle. With a Memoir by his wife. With frontispiece, 12mo, 246 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
The Nemeses of Mediocrity. By Ralph Adams Cram. 8vo, 52 pages. Marshall Jones Co. \$1.
Naval Power in the War. By Charles Gifford Gill, U. S. N. Illustrated, 12mo, 224 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.
The United States and Pangermania. By André Chéradame. Illustrated, 12mo, 170 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
The Willy-Nicky Correspondence. Being the Secret and Intimate Telegrams Exchanged Between the Kaiser and the Tsar. By Herman Bernstein. With a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. Frontispiece, 12mo, 158 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.
A Crusader of France. The Letters of Capt. Ferdinand Belmont. Translated from the French by G. Frederick Lees. With a foreword by Henry Bordeaux. With frontispiece, 12mo, 366 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
A Yankee in the Trenches. By Corp. R. Derby Holmes. Illustrated, 12mo, 214 pages. Little, Brown & Co. Paper. \$1.35.
The Invisible Guide. By C. Lewis Hind. 12mo, 208 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.
The High Call. By Ernest M. Stires. 12mo, 180 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
The Defenders of Democracy. Edited by the Gift Book Committee of the Militia of Mercy. Illustrated, 8vo, 324 pages. John Lane Co. \$2.50.
The Cantonment Manual. By Major W. G. Kilner and Lieut. A. J. MacElroy. 16mo, 307 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
We of Italy. By Mrs. K. R. Steege. 12mo, 269 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.
In the National Army Hopper. By Draftee No. 357. 16mo, 54 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Small Arms Instructors' Manual. Compiled by the small arms instruction corps. Illustrated, 16mo, 184 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.
The Undying Spirit of France. By Maurice Barrès. Translated by Margaret W. B. Corwin. 16mo, 58 pages. Yale University Press. 80 cts.
Alsace-Lorraine. By Daniel Blumenthal. 12mo, 60 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cts.
Don Hale in the War Zone. By W. Crispin Shepard. Illustrated, 12mo, 312 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 60 cts.
French for Soldiers. By Arthur W. Whittam and Percy W. Long. 16mo, 130 pages. Harvard University Press.
The Attack in Trench Warfare. By Captain André Laffargue. Illustrated, 16mo, 82 pages. D. Van Nostrand Co. 50 cts.
For the Boys at the Front. Fifteen war tracts. Presbyterian Board of Publication. Per set, 25 cts.

"The Most Sensational Book
of the War"

THE BOLSHEVIKI AND WORLD PEACE

By LEON

TROTZKY

opening the eyes of the
world to the fact
that the

Bolsheviki are really
Anti-Hohenzollern

As remarkable and unexpected
as the man who
wrote it

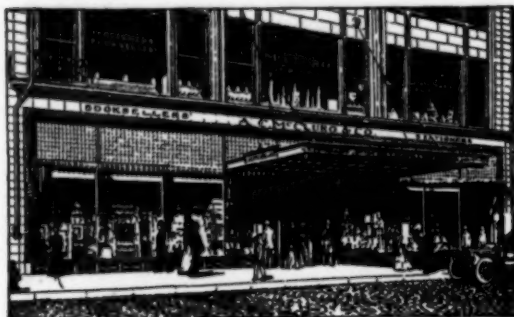
Six months ago he lived in
a Bronx Tenement—
Today

He Is Dictating to
the Kaiser!

Introduction by Lincoln Steffens,
the man who knows him

\$1.50 Net. Wherever books are sold

BONI & LIVERIGHT
105 West Fortieth St., New York City



"I visited with a natural rapture the largest bookstore in the world."

See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

It is recognized throughout the country that we earned this reputation because we have on hand at all times a more complete assortment of the books of all publishers than can be found on the shelves of any other book-dealer in the entire United States. It is of interest and importance to all bookbuyers to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be procured from us with the least possible delay. We invite you to visit our store when in Chicago, to avail yourself of the opportunity of looking over the books in which you are most interested, or to call upon us at any time to look after your book wants.

Special Library Service

We conduct a department devoted entirely to the interests of Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities. Our Library Department has made a careful study of library requirements, and is equipped to handle all library orders with accuracy, efficiency and despatch. This department's long experience in this special branch of the book business, combined with our unsurpassed book stock, enable us to offer a library service not excelled elsewhere. We solicit correspondence from Librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

Retail Store, 218 to 224 South Wabash Avenue

Library Department and Wholesale Offices:

330 to 352 East Ohio Street

Chicago

POETRY AND DRAMA.

- Nocturns of Remembered Spring, and Other Poems.* By Conrad Aiken. 12mo, 140 pages. Four Seas Co. \$1.25.
- Gardens Overseas, and Other Poems.* By Thomas Walsh. 12mo, 155 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25.
- Songs of the Celtic Past.* By Norreys Jephson O'Connor. With frontispiece, 12mo, 171 pages. \$1.25.
- The Potter's Clay.* By Marie Tudor. 12mo, 80 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
- Muffle's Prophecy.* By William Wallace Muffle. 12mo, 134 pages. Oxford University Press.
- The Old Huntsman.* By Siegfried Sassoon. 12mo, 109 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.
- The Soul of America.* By Robert M. Wernaer. 12mo, 98 pages. Four Seas Co. \$1.25.
- To-morrow and Other Poems.* By Innes Stitt and Leo Ward. With a foreword by Canon H. Scott Holland. 12mo, 59 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.
- Pawns of War.* By Bosworth Crocker. 12mo, 85 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.
- Efficiency.* By Robert H. Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan. 12mo, 40 pages. George H. Doran Co. 75 cts.
- The Moods of Ginger Mick.* By C. J. Dennis. 16mo, 150 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.
- A Father of Women, and Other Poems.* By Alice Meynell. 8vo, 30 pages. Burns & Oates Ltd. London. Paper. 2s.
- Lee.* An Epic. By Flora E. Stevens. 12mo, 80 pages. Burton Publishing Co.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Hincconete and Cortadillo.* By Miguel de Cervantes. Translated with an introduction and notes by Mariano J. Lorente. With a preface by R. B. Cunningham Graham. Illustrated, 12mo, 152 pages. The Four Seas Co. \$1.50.
- Edmund Spenser, A Critical Study* by Herbert Ellsworth Cory. Vol. 5 of the University of California Publications in Modern Philology. 8vo, 478 pages. University of California Press. \$3.50.
- Jonathan Swift.* The Leslie Stephen Lecture. By Charles Whibley. 12mo, 45 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- A Bookman's Budget.* Composed and compiled by Austin Dobson. Illustrated, 12mo, 291 pages. Oxford University Press. \$1.50.
- The Wings of the Morning.* By Arthur Grant. 12mo, 290 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.
- Wander-Ships.* By Wilbur Bassett. With frontispiece, 8vo, 136 pages. Open Court Publishing Co.
- Aeneas at the Site of Rome.* By W. Warde Fowler. 12mo, 129 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.
- Maxims of Le Duc de La Rochefoucauld.* Translated by John Heard, Jr. With frontispiece, 16mo, 110 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boxed. \$4. Limited edition.
- Twenty-two Goblins.* Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. Illustrated, 8vo, 220 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE.

- Latest Light on Abraham Lincoln, and War-time Memories.* By Ervin Chapman. Illustrated, 2 volumes, 8vo, 275-295 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. Boxed. \$5.
- Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin.* By Louise Creighton. Illustrated, 8vo, 445 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.50.
- Memories of Eton Sixty Years Ago.* By Arthur Campbell Ainger. With contributions from Neville Gerald Lytton and John Murray. Illustrated, 12mo, 354 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50.
- Political Portraits.* By Charles Whibley. 12mo, 327 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- On the Eaves of the World.* By Reginald Farrer. 3 volumes. Illustrated, 8vo, 311-328 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$9.
- Chicago.* By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Illustrated, 8vo, 129 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.
- The Book of New York.* By Robert Shackleton. Illustrated, 12mo, 377 pages. Penn Publishing Co. Boxed. \$2.50.

Our Hawaii. By Charmian Kittredge London. Illustrated, 12mo, 345 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$2.25.

Highways and Byways in Wiltshire. By Edward Hutton. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen. 12mo. 463 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$2.

Intimate Prussia. By A. Raymond. 12mo, 286 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.

THE ARTS.

A History of Art. By William Henry Goodyear. Illustrated, 8vo, 394 pages. A. S. Barnes Co.

An Introduction to the Study of Landscape Design. By Henry Vincent Hubbard and Theodora Kimball. Illustrated, 4to, 406 pages. The Macmillan Co. Boxed. \$6.

Furniture of the Olden Time. By Frances Clary Morse. Illustrated, 8vo, 470 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$6.

Early English Portrait Miniatures. In the Collection of the Duke of Buccleuch. By H. A. Kennedy. Illustrated, 4to, 44 pages and 68 plates. John Lane Co.

Kultur in Cartoons. By Louis Raemaekers. 4to, 219 pages. The Century Co. Boxed. \$5.

Modern Water-Color. By Romilly Feilden. Illustrated, 12mo, 115 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.

Landscape and Figure Painters of America. By Frederick Fairchild Sherman. Illustrated, 8vo, 71 pages. Privately printed. \$1.75.

One Hundred Songs by Ten Masters. Edited by Henry T. Finck. 2 volumes. 4to, 189-186 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. Paper. \$1.50. Cloth. \$2.50.

Sword and Scissors or Napoleon Caught Napping. A Military-Millinery Operetta. By Frederick H. Martens and Will C. MacFarlane. 8vo, 96 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.25.

The Sleeping Beauty. Cantata for Women's Voices. By Alfred Tennyson and Frances McCollin. 8vo, 28 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. 50 cts.

Columbus. A Short Cantata for Mixed Voices. By Joaquin Miller and E. S. Hosmer. 8vo, 14 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. 25 cts.

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

Green Trails and Upland Pastures. Walter Prichard Eaton. Illustrated, 12mo, 303 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.60.

Wood and Water Friends. By Clarence Hawkes. Illustrated, 12mo, 307 pages. T. Y. Crowell Co. \$1.25.

The Spring of Joy. By Mary Webb. 12mo, 136 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

The Human Side of Birds. By Royal Dixon. Illustrated, 8vo, 246 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.60.

Our Backdoor Neighbors. By Frank C. Pellett. Illustrated, 12mo, 209 pages. The Abingdon Press. \$1.50.

Messages of Flowers. With frontispiece, 16mo, 144 pages. George H. O'Neill. \$1.

The Story of Some French Refugees and their "Asylum." By Louise Welles Murray. Second edition. Illustrated, 8vo, 153 pages.

Mordecai M. Noah. By A. B. Makover. 16mo, 96 pages. Bloch Publishing Co. Paper. 75 cts.

Happy Days. By Oliver Herford and John Cecil Clay. Illustrated, 16mo. Mitchell Kennerley.

Reed Voices. By James B. Kenyon. 12mo, 122 pages. James T. White & Co.

HISTORY.

The Fall of the Romanoffs. By the author of "Russian Court Memoirs." Illustrated, 8vo, 312 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.

Guide to the Study of Medieval History. By Louis John Paetow. 12mo, 552 pages. University of California Press.

The Land of the Two Rivers. By Edwyn Bevan. 12mo, 126 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.

Illinois in the Fifties or A Decade of Development, 1851-1860. By Charles Beneulyn Johnson. Illustrated, 12mo, 175 pages. Flanigan-Pearson Co. \$1.25.

The Formation of the State of Oklahoma, 1803-1906. By Roy Gittinger, Ph.D. Vol. VI of the University of California Publications in History. With maps, 8vo, 256 pages. University of California Press.

Just Published DISASTERS

By J. BYRON DEACON

Even for the unforeseeable a measure of preparedness is possible.

This little book, which sums up for the first time the experience of the American Red Cross in disaster relief, also tells what to do when one of the half dozen great catastrophes bound to happen every year in the United States arrives—what to do at the time—what to do later—what should have been done beforehand by public-spirited citizens.

Cloth, 230 pages; price 75 cents net.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION

130 East Twenty-second Street New York City

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

announce their new

Catalogue of Book Bargains

1918 Edition—Just Issued

Showing their greatly reduced prices on hundreds of books from their overstock, including many of recent issue. Sent free on request.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

Wholesale dealers in the books of all publishers
354 Fourth Ave. New York At 26th Street

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS FIRST EDITIONS OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

BOUGHT AND SOLD

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED CATALOGUES ISSUED

ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH

4 East Thirty-Ninth Street, New York City

Columbia University Press

(LEMCKE & BUECHNER, Agents)

New Catalogue of Meritorious Books Now Ready

AMERICAN BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS sent to any address, here or abroad

DIRECT IMPORTATION FROM ALL ALLIED AND NEUTRAL COUNTRIES

LEMCKE & BUECHNER (Established 1840)

30-32 W. 27th Street, New York

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
126 Fifth Avenue, New York (Established 1904)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS. Catalogues Free.
R. ATKINSON, 27 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, LONDON, ENG.

ANNA PARMLY PARET
LITERARY AGENT
291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticize and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

Autograph Letters of Famous People

Bought and Sold.—Send lists of what you have.
Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City
Publisher of **THE COLLECTOR**: A Magazine for Autograph Collectors. \$1.00. Sample free.

A CATALOGUE of books and pamphlets relating to the Civil War, Slavery and the South (including a number of scarce Confederate items) will be sent to collectors on request.

W. A. GOUGH, 25 WEST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

For the Book Lover Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.
C. Gerhardt, 23 W. 42d St., New York

AMERICANA

New Catalogue of 1000 titles, covering a large variety of subjects—mostly of rare books—including **THE WEST, INDIANS, REVOLUTION, COLONIAL HOUSES** and many other interesting topics. Sent free.

GOODSPEED'S BOOKSHOP
BOSTON, MASS.

Special Prize Offer

Two cash prizes, the First \$500.00 and the Second \$300.00, will be given for the two best original manuscripts submitted under conditions which will be furnished upon application to the Meridian Press, care of Judson Swift, D.D., Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

SCIENCE.

- A Short History of Science.** By W. T. Sedgwick and H. W. Tyler. 8vo, 474 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.
Organic Evolution. By Richard Swann Lull. Illustrated, 12mo, 729 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$3.
Everyman's Chemistry. By Ellwood Hendrick. 12mo, 374 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$2.
The Mystery of Matter and Energy. By Albert C. Cretore. 16mo, 161 pages. D. Van Nostrand Co. \$1.
Medical Research and Human Welfare. By Dr. William Williams Keen. With frontispiece, 12mo, 160 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.
Navigation. By Harold Jacoby. 12mo, 330 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$2.25.
A Short Account of Explosives. By Arthur Marshall. Illustrated, 8vo, 96 pages. P. Blakiston's Son & Co. \$1.50.
Baldness. By Richard W. Müller, M. D. Illustrated, 12mo, 178 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.
The Psychology of the Ego. By Dr. Elizabeth Severn. 12mo, 349 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
Technic of the Carrel Method. By J. Dumas and Anne Carrel. Translated by Adrian V. S. Lambert. Illustrated, 12mo, 90 pages. Paul B. Hoeber. \$1.25.
Food and Their Adulteration. By Harvey W. Wiley. Illustrated, Third Edition, 8vo, 646 pages. P. Blakiston's Sons & Co.

EDUCATION.

- Fifty Years of American Education.** By Ernest Carroll Moore. 12mo, 96 pages. Ginn & Co.
Motion Picture Education. By Ernest A. Dench. 12mo, 353 pages. The Standard Press. \$2.
A Handbook on Story Writing. By Blanche Colton Williams. 12mo, 356 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
Composition and Rhetoric. By Alfred M. Hitchcock. Illustrated, 12mo, 575 pages. Henry Holt & Co.
Patton's French-English Manual. By E. E. Pattou. Illustrated, 12mo, 227 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
Drei Märchenspiele. By Emma Rendtorff. 16mo, 66 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. 35 cts.
She Steeps to Conquer. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Dudley Miles. Illustrated, 16mo, 99 pages. Ginn & Co. 35 cts.
Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. Edited by Frank Sicha, Jr. 16mo, 408 pages. Ginn & Co. 64 cts.
The Spy. By James Fenimore Cooper. Abridged by Beatrice A. Griffin. Illustrated, 12mo, 339 pages. Ginn & Co. 64 cts.
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Edited by William J. Long. Illustrated, 12mo, 224 pages. Ginn & Co. 56 cts.
Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Edited by Orton Lowe. Illustrated, 12mo, 355 pages. Ginn & Co. 64 cts.
Jackanapes, and Other Stories. By Julia Horatia Ewing. Edited by Sarah Cone Bryant. Illustrated, 12mo, 271 pages. Ginn & Co. 56 cts.

BUSINESS.

- Reclaiming the Arid West.** By George Wharton James. Illustrated, 8vo, 411 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.
Forecasting the Yield and the Price of Cotton. By Henry Ludwell Moore. 12mo, 173 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.
Personal Accounts Record. By Stephen Gilman. Tables, 4to, 20 pages. La Salle Extension University.
Non-technical Chats on Iron and Steel. By LaVerne W. Spring. Illustrated, 8vo, 353 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.
If I Were Twenty-one. By William Maxwell. Illustrated, 12mo, 295 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

REFERENCE.

- Bibliography of Woodrow Wilson: 1910-1917.** By George Dobbin Brown. 8vo, 53 pages. The Library of Princeton University. Paper. 75 cts.
Report of the Librarian of Congress: 1917. Illustrated, 8vo, 223 pages. Government Printing Office. 40 cts.

Strangling the Periodicals

Congress at its last session passed a hasty postal law increasing the postage on periodicals from FIFTY TO NINE HUNDRED PER CENT.

Some periodicals will be killed—all will be restricted in circulation and crippled. There will be fewer readers, and the habit of reading curtailed. The great function of periodicals is to assist in the spread of ideas—by printing the achievements in the world of thought, culture, and science.

Thus to shut out farm journals—as these zone rates will—will lessen the productive power of our country by millions of dollars through loss of better methods. Shut off trade journals and you decrease the manufacturing power by more millions. Shut off the religious papers and there are shut off channels that have raised millions of dollars for distressed humanity. Shut off the great periodicals of the home and there is throttled an avenue that has given expert instruction to hundreds of thousands of mothers and saved their babies to health and citizenship.

These national periodicals are printed in the big cities—and the first zone, the cheapest zone, is in or near those cities; there are many educational opportunities near cities, and the cities will read anyway. Small towns and distant districts depend to a large extent upon periodicals; thus this law increasing periodical postage where it is most needed shuts off opportunity where needed. It penalizes periodical readers.

It is not a War Tax. It is postal legislation, pure and simple.

Repeal this law. Repeal this FIFTY TO NINE HUNDRED PER CENT periodical postage increase. Sign the petition below and mail it. Put a cross mark in the square—save the periodicals and the work that they have done and are doing for national education and patriotism.

SIGN BELOW

CUT OUT. MAIL TO CHARLES JOHNSON POST, Room 1417, 200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

PETITION TO CONGRESS—Sign Here!

The spread of education, of culture, of scientific knowledge and advancement, and of our vast internal merchandising and manufacturing has been, and always is, vitally dependent upon the freest and cheapest circulation of periodicals. The penalties resulting from any restriction on the freest possible circulation of periodicals will be destructive of the best interests of our economic life and the opportunities of developing our best citizenship.

The postal amendment passed by the last Congress increasing the postage on periodicals from FIFTY TO NINE HUNDRED PER CENT will throttle or destroy our periodicals at a time when the widest and most extensive circulation of publications is essential to the patriotism, education, and upbuilding of our country.

Therefore, I, the undersigned, do most earnestly demand the repeal of this burdensome periodical postage amendment.


Name.....

City or County.....

Street Address.....

State.....

Periodicals mean much in your life. If you will help by a few arguments with your acquaintances and an occasional letter in a spare moment, put a cross mark here.

 Will you help in securing the repeal of this iniquitous law? ☐

Cut Out. Mail to CHARLES JOHNSON POST, Room 1417, 200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

When writing to advertisers please mention THE DIAL.



CAMION LETTERS



FROM AMERICAN COLLEGE MEN
VOLUNTEER DRIVERS

OF THE

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE IN FRANCE, 1917

"... Duty, and the bit more which counted. . ."

Fine-spirited boyish letters from young Americans driving motor transports for the French Army. The splendid ambulance work of the American Field Service is well known, but the recent undertaking of munition transport has not yet come into the general public's notice. The young *camionneurs* tell in these spontaneous letters the story of their day's work, with no worry over its drudgery and no solicitude for its dangers. The volume is one more evidence of the growth of American youth into American manhood.

(Just ready, \$1.00 net.)

FOR COURSES IN PHYSIOGRAPHY, GEOGRAPHY, MAP READING, HISTORY OF THE WAR, OR A GIFT TO SOLDIERS

TOPOGRAPHY AND STRATEGY IN THE WAR

By DOUGLAS W. JOHNSON

Associate Professor of Physiography, Columbia University

20 special maps, numerous half-tones, 8vo. \$1.75 net.

Professor W. M. DAVIS, Professor Emeritus in Harvard University:

"Johnson's 'Topography and Strategy of the War' pleases me greatly because of the clear statement that it makes of the importance of geographical features in affecting military movements. Current newspaper reports are very deficient in this respect. Summary statements of progress in the various campaigns are too often little better, apparently because their authors have small knowledge or appreciation of the topography on the different fronts. Johnson is, on the other hand, exceptionally competent as a geographer; from the beginning of the war he has given especial attention to the movements of the opposing armies as affected by the form of the surface. His book is, therefore, a valuable contribution to a phase of contemporary history that has too generally suffered from neglect."

Professor JOSEPH BARRELL of Yale University:

"It is the most valuable single work which I know on the conduct of the war."

Professor WALLACE W. ATWOOD of Harvard University:

"The most notable and timely contribution in physical geography of the year."

ALSACE-LORRAINE UNDER GERMAN RULE

By CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN

Author of "Europe Since 1815"

"By far the best short, yet actually sufficient, presentment of a question that is at the very heart of the present struggle."—*Boston Transcript*.
(Net, \$1.25. 2nd printing.)

SOME MODERN NOVELISTS.

A volume of appreciations and estimates

By HELEN THOMAS FOLLET and WILSON FOLLET

Novelists of Yesterday: Meredith, Gissing, Henry James, Hardy, DeMorgan.

Novelists of To-day: Howells, Phillips, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, Conrad.

With an introductory essay about the general direction of the novel in English, and a supplementary essay about The Younger Generation.
(With portraits. \$1.50 net.)

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

19 West 44th Street
New York City